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Pro-Slavery.

THE ABOLITION MEETING.

From The Newark (N. J.) Evening Journal.

YESTERDAY afternoon the writer dropped in to hear the abolition harangues at Mulberry Hall. The proceedings had not proceeded far before my conscience began to upbraid me, that I had allowed my curiosity to cause me to commit a desecration of the Sabbath, and give countenance to an organization of misguided fanatics, who, could they compass their designs against the Constitution and Union of our country, would destroy the foundations upon which the social fabric itself rests, and the blessings of that liberty about which they prate so much. The exercises were opened by Mr. Phillips Moore, or Carteret, who presents the lineaments, and doubtless is possessed of the temperament, that fits him for a martyr; all that he lacks to complete the character is the courage *to go where alone* his sentiments can possibly be of any avail, and that is among the slaveholders themselves. Mr. Moore commenced the services by reading a fanatical production from the pen of the crazy poet, Jerrold Massey. He, in his labours to establish peace, like the Abolitionists in their crusade for liberty, would demolish the citadel that protects and cherishes both. After Mr. Moore got through with the poem, he indulged in a few remarks denunciatory of cowardly constitutions and institutions, that overshadowed and stifled individual convictions. These "constitutions and institutions" were, of course, the Church and State—these both were combined to hold the slave in bondage—the inference was that they should both be abolished, that the African slave might have the privilege to relapse into barbarism.

After Mr. M. got through, he introduced a Mr. Powell, who, in a plain, unimpassioned manner, enunciated his revolutionary doctrines. He laid down the principle that abolition, immediate and unconditional, was the test "of the stature of full men in Christ;" that no man who did not embrace the views put forth by him could make pretension to the spirit that animated the Christian of eighteen centuries ago. Every loyal citizen must of necessity be opposed to true Christianity. The fault was in the connection between the North and the South. Mr. Powell then threw a few rotten eggs at the Democratic party, stigmatized them as without character to lose, great scamps, &c. The Democratic party, said Mr. P., *is the Union party; they have saved the Union a good many times*, and of course its existence must present an obstacle in the way of the Abolitionists. Mr. P. then alluded to the Republican party *as a better party;* this only, however, appeared from their professions. They freely announced their opposition to slavery, but their acts gave the lie to their professions. They, too, avowed their devotion to the Union. Mr. P., I think, misrepresents the Republican party quite as much or more than he does the Democratic party. The Republican party, it is true, express a determination to preserve the Union, but it is to be done by violent means. The slaves of the South are to be liberated if they are ever in a position to enforce their views; and if the South should resist the spoliation of their property, they are to be forced to submit to the outrage. This is the legitimate result of Republican principles and rules, and Mr. P. should give them the benefit of their plan of preserving the Union, and enthroning the genius of peace (by the reign of blood) after the Jerrold Massey fashion.

That your readers may have some idea of the sophistry employed and the fanatical ideas uttered by this man, instance the following: He appealed to his audience to know what would be their feelings and actions *if their wives and children* were enslaved; if they would, under such circumstances, disregard the force of law, or the obligations of constitutions, in their efforts to release them; the sentiment was enjoined that, as Christians, they were bound to disregard the same sanctions by an effort to release an African slave and her children. This candidate for a shaving operation and a straight jacket further asserted that *the liberty of one negro slave down South was of more value than all the paper Constitutions and Unions in the world.* Mr. P. said a great many treasonable things; the utterance of which in the early days of the Republic would have caused the forfeit of his ungrateful life.

After Mr. P. got through with his heresy, a Miss Susan Anthony got up, and scolded for some time like a petulant old maid, as she evidently is. The women, especially, were appealed to, to use their exertions to liberate the slaves. The plan suggested was to dissolve their connection with the churches, and concentrate their efforts in combinations to effect the liberty of the slaves. This was more commendable than their labours to further the missionary cause. She then attempted to enforce her appeal by charges of great monstrosities on the part of the Southerners, one of which was the paying of two thousand five hundred dollars for a negro woman. She charged that this price could not have been paid for any consideration of labour. Said the refined and delicate lady, it was for the purpose of prostitution. When it is known that *one dollar per day* is frequently paid down South for the services of a negro seamstress, intelligent persons can judge how much this reformer in petticoats is to be relied on for information as to the incentives that induce a Southerner to pay a high price for a female slave. The writer has known several instances of $2,000 being paid for a slave, *solely as a matter of feeling*, growing out of a desire to oblige another slave in the possession of the purchaser. On one occasion, he saw a gentleman who owned the parent pay for the son, aged 11 years (owned by another party), eleven hundred and twenty-five dollars. His only object was to oblige the mother. Methinks the Judge of all the earth would be much more inclined to smile on an act of this kind than on the violation of his command, "Thou shalt not steal," of which the Abolitionists are so often, directly and indirectly, guilty, when they carry off and harbour the slaves of the South, which, under the Constitution of the United States, are as much property as the house that shelters from the inclemency of the weather these violators of the decalogue, who in their own persons experience the blessings of a government they seek so earnestly to destroy. J. C. T.

THE NEW DEMOCRATIC DOCTRINE.

From The Washington Union of Nov. 19.

THE primary object of all government, in its original institution, is the protection of person and property. It is for this alone that men surrender a portion of their natural rights.

In order that this object may be fully accomplished, it is necessary that this protection should be equally extended to all classes of free citizens without exception. This, at least, is a fundamental principle of the Constitution of the United States, which is the original compact on which all our institutions are based.

Slaves were recognised as property in the British colonies of North America by the government of Great Britain, by the colonial laws, and by the Constitution of the United States. Under these sanctions vested rights have accrued to the amount of some sixteen hundred millions of dollars. It is, therefore, the duty of Congress and the State Legislatures to protect that property.

The Constitution declares that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." Every citizen of one State coming into another State has, therefore, a right to the protection of his person, and that property which is recognised as such by the Constitution of the United States, any law of a State to the contrary notwithstanding. So far from any State having a right to deprive him of his own property, it is its bounden duty to protect him in its possession.

If these views are correct—and we believe it would be difficult to invalidate them—*it follows that all the State laws, whether organic or otherwise, which prohibit a citizen of one State from settling in another, and bringing his slave property with him, and most especially declaring it forfeited, are direct violations of the original intention of the government, which, as before stated, is the protection of person and property, and of the Constitution of the United States, which recognises property in slaves, and declares that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States," among the most essential of which is the protection of person and property.*

What is recognised as property by the Constitution of the United States, by a provision which applies equally to all the States, has an inalienable right to be protected in all the States. If its introduction is obnoxious or offensive to the prevailing sentiment of the people of a State, there is no reason to presume that a citizen of any other State will intrude it in opposition to that sentiment and thus subject himself to all the mortifications and ill offices which inevitably fall to the lot of those who are at variance with their neighbours. There is, then, no necessity for laws prohibiting their introduction, and the prohibition is a gratuitous insult. The public sentiment is a sufficient guarantee. If the field were ever so open, there is not the least likelihood that the southern planter would go and settle with his slaves in the northern section of the United States, where they would be more than worthless as property, their possession a source of eternal vexation and their support an intolerable burden. There never has been, to our knowledge, and probably never will be, an instance of this kind.

FREE NEGROES IN VIRGINIA.

Extract from Gov. Wise's Message.

WHAT is to be done with them? is the question, and it is difficult to settle it justly and to our satisfaction. Several modes have been proposed. One is to send them, in one exodus, out of the State, to non-slaveholding States of the Union. I doubt both the policy and the justice of this plan. Its reason assigned is, in a vindictive spirit, to teach Abolitionists better how to appreciate the nature of the negro. But that spirit, always blind, is apt to make so many missionaries among the foes to our institutions and to our people, to harden them against us rather than to convert them in our favour. Besides, they would, on this plan, have to be sent North to a climate not suited to their habits or natures; and it would be harsh thus to subject them to wholesale dispersion, disease and extinction. Such is their fate in free States and in cold climates. They are not fit for freedom or frost, unless they are among friends who will provide for them; and slaveholders at least are the best friends to the African race, and their climate and location are most kindly to their natures and habits. It would be more humane, and more just to them, to take from them their liberty at once, and sell them wholesale into slavery, without their consent. But the moral sense of our people would revolt at a violation of individual and personal rights like this, and no such usurpation would be tolerated by public sentiment. What then?—if they ought not to be sent North to free States and the tender mercies of fanatics and frost, nor to the South and slavery? The answer is, that we ought to colonize as many as we can in Liberia; to take back under masters as many as are willing to return to the patriarchal protection of slavery; to encourage the virtuous and industrious among them, by seeing that they are compelled to learn valuable trades and arts; and to reform our penal codes so as to punish capitally certain of their higher offences; to punish their secondary offences with solitary imprisonment; and to condemn the minor offenders and the idle to labour on the public works. A code of discipline would soon rid us of all the vicious and dissolute, and retain to us the trustworthy, the virtuous and industrious.

I submit to the Legislature whether the separate tax upon them for colonization purposes is constitutional. The law was passed before the new Constitution went into operation, and the Constitution provides that all taxes shall be *equal* and *uniform*. Now this is not equal and not uniform—it is special and partial, and on one class alone, and capitation tax is provided only to be levied on *white male inhabitants* of 21 years of age. Under this law $7,000 per annum is raised from the free negroes, and about $1,000 per annum only is expended for its professed purpose of colonization. The balance goes into the general Treasury in addition to other taxes. I therefore recommend the repeal of this law levying this tax. I recommend, also, that a free negro be allowed in future, after a given day, to hold no land or real estate beyond a small number of acres for a homestead; and no home or lot in a city or town; and that they be prohibited from lending money on interest to a white man at all; and from holding slaves.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

THE Special Committee of the South Carolina Senate, to whom was referred "so much of Gov. Adams's message as relates to the Slave Trade," reported the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That the chief and almost entire productive industry of the slaveholding States is agriculture, to the successful prosecution of which the labour of negro slaves is indispensably necessary.

2. Resolved, That there is a great and growing deficiency of agricultural labour in the said States, which the natural increase of the slave population is inadequate to supply.

3. Resolved, That the effect of prohibiting the importation of slaves from abroad is to limit the expansion of the productive industry of the said States, and of the population which that industry sustains to the ratio of the natural increase of the slave population.

4. Resolved, That the importation of slaves from abroad would accelerate the development of the agricultural resources of the slaveholding States, and promote their progress in wealth, population and general improvement, and that such importation, carried on under the proper regulations, would not be inconsistent with the principles of justice and humanity.

5. Resolved, That the effect of an entire suppression of the African slave trade would be to confine the negroes to their own country, and preclude them from such means of relief from the pressure of a redundant population as might be afforded by emigration in the only form in which its benefit can be extended to them.

6. Resolved, That the Act of Congress declaring the African slave trade to be piracy, if it be understood as affirming that it is piracy in the nature of things and in the sense of the Constitution, affirms what is untrue; and inasmuch as it purports and intends to convert into piracy what is not so in the nature of things and in the sense of the Constitution, the said act is unconstitutional, null and void.

Selections.

DOUGLAS IN REBELLION.

[The speech of Senator Douglas, in opposition to the Administration scheme for forcing the Lecompton Constitution upon the people of Kansas against their will and in obedience to the demands of the fire-eaters, displays his usual tact and power. He shows conclusively that the Democratic party cannot endorse that scheme without proving false to its most solemn pledges. We have not room for the body of the argument, but we present those passages of the speech in which the Senator defines his position and avows his purpose to stand by it to the last.]

BUT, sir, the President of the United States is really and sincerely of the opinion that the slavery clause has been fairly and impartially submitted to the free acceptance or rejection of the people of Kansas, and that, inasmuch as that was the exciting and paramount question, if they get the right to vote as they please on that subject, they ought to be satisfied; and possibly it might be better if we would accept it, and put an end to the question. Let me ask, sir, is the slavery clause fairly submitted, so that the people can vote for or against it? Suppose I were a citizen of Kansas, and should go up to the polls and say, "I desire to vote to make Kansas a slave State; here is my ballot." They reply to me, "Mr. Douglas, just vote for that Constitution first, if you please." "Oh, no!" I answer, "I cannot vote for that Constitution conscientiously. I am opposed to the clause by which you locate certain railroads in such a way as to sacrifice my county and my part of the State. I am opposed to that banking system. I am opposed to this Know-Nothing or American clause in the Constitution about the qualification for office. I cannot vote for it." Then they answer, "You shall not vote on making it a slave State." I then say, "I want to make it a free State." They reply, "Vote for that Constitution first, and then you can vote to make it a free State; otherwise you cannot." Thus they disqualify every Free State man who will not first vote for the Constitution; they disqualify every slave State man who will not first vote for the Constitution. No matter whether or not the voters state that they cannot conscientiously vote for those provisions, they reply, "You cannot vote for or against slavery here. Take the Constitution as we have made it, take the elective franchise as we have established it, take the railroad lines as we have located them, take the judiciary system as we have formed it, take it all as we have fixed it to suit ourselves, and ask no questions, but vote for it, or you shall not vote either for a slave or a free State." In other words, the legal effect of the schedule is this: All those who are in favour of this Constitution may vote for or against slavery, as they please; but all those who are against this Constitution are disfranchised, and shall not vote at all. That is the mode in which the slavery proposition is submitted. Every man opposed to the Constitution is disfranchised on the slavery clause. How many are they? They tell you there is a majority, for they say the Constitution will be voted down instantly, by an overwhelming majority, if you allow a negative vote. This shows that a majority are against it. They disqualify and disfranchise every man who is against it, thus referring the slavery clause to a minority of the people of Kansas, and leaving that minority free to vote for or against the slavery clause, as they choose. Let me ask you if that is a fair mode of submitting the slavery clause? Does that mode of submitting that particular clause leave the people perfectly free to vote for or against slavery as they choose? Am I free to vote as I choose on the slavery question if you tell me I shall not vote on it until I vote for the Maine liquor law? Am I free to vote on the slavery question if you tell me that I shall not vote either way until I vote for a bank? Is it freedom of election to make your right to vote upon one question depend upon the mode in which you are going to vote on some other question which has no connection with it? Is that freedom of election? Is that the great fundamental principle of self-government, for which we combated and struggled, in this body, and throughout the country, to establish as the rule of action in all time to come? The President of the United States has made some remarks in his Message which, it strikes me, it would be very appropriate to read in this connection. He says:

"The friends and supporters of the Nebraska and Kansas act, when struggling on a recent occasion to sustain its wise provisions before the great tribunal of the American people, never differed about its true meaning on this subject. Everywhere throughout the Union they publicly pledged their faith and honour that they would cheerfully submit the question of slavery to the decision of the *bona fide* people of Kansas, without any restriction or qualification whatever. All were cordially united upon the great doctrine of popular sovereignty, which is the vital principle of our free institutions."

Mark this:

"Had it then been insinuated, from any quarter, that it would have been a sufficient compliance with the requisitions of the enabling law for the members of a Convention, thereafter to be elected, to withhold the question of slavery from the people, and to substitute their own will for that of a legally ascertained majority of the constituents, that would have been instantly rejected."

Yes, sir, and I will add further, had it been thus insinuated from any quarter, and believed by the American people, that we would have submitted the slavery clause in such a manner as to compel a man to vote for it against which his conscience did not approve, in order to get a fair vote on the slavery clause, not only would the idea have been rejected, but the Democratic candidate for the Presidency would have been rejected; and every man who backed him would have been rejected, too.

The President tells us in his message that the whole party pledged our faith and our honour that the slavery question should be submitted to the people, without any restriction or qualification whatever. Does this schedule submit it without qualification? It qualifies it by saying, "You may vote on slavery if you will vote for the Constitution; but you shall not do so without doing that." That is a very important qualification—a qualification that controls a man's vote and his action and his conscience, if he is an honest man—a qualification confessedly in violation of our platform. We are told by the President that our faith and our honour are pledged that the slavery clause should be submitted without qualification of any kind whatever; and now am I to be called upon to forfeit my faith and my honour in order to enable a small majority of the people of Kansas to defraud the majority of that people out of their elective franchise? Sir, my honour is pledged; and before it shall be tarnished, I will take whatever consequences personal to myself may come; but never ask me to do an act which the President, in his message, has said is a forfeiture of faith, a violation of honour, and that merely for the expediency of saving the party. I will go as far as any of you to save the party. I have as much heart in the great cause that binds us together as a party as any man living. I will sacrifice anything short of principle and honour for the peace of the party; but if the party will not stand by its principles, its faith, its pledges, I will stand there, and abide whatever consequences may result from the position. Let me ask you, why force this Constitution down the throats of the people of Kansas, in opposition to their wishes and in violation of our pledges? What great object is to be attained? *Cui bono?* What are we to gain by it? Will you sustain the party by violating its principles? Do you propose to keep the party united by forcing a division? Stand by the doctrine that leaves the people perfectly free to form and regulate their institutions for themselves in their own way and your party will be united and irresistible in power. Abandon that great principle, and the party is not worth saving, and cannot be saved, after it shall be violated. I trust we are not to be rushed upon this question. Why shall it be done? Who is to be benefited? Is the South to be the gainer? Is the North to be the gainer? Neither the North nor the South has the right to gain a sectional advantage by trickery or fraud. But I am beseeched to wait until I hear from the election on the 21st of December. I am told that perhaps that will put it all right, and will save the whole difficulty. How can it? Perhaps there may be a large vote. There may be a large vote returned (laughter). But I deny that it is possible to have a fair vote on the slavery clause; and I say that it is not possible to have any vote on the Constitution. Why wait for the mockery of an election, when it is provided unalterably that the people cannot vote—when the majority are disfranchised? But I am told on all sides, "Oh, just wait; the pro-slavery clause will be voted down." That does not obviate any of my objections; it does not diminish any of them. You have no more right to force a free State Constitution on Kansas than a slave State Constitution. If Kansas wants a slave State Constitution, she has a right to it; if she wants a free State Constitution, she has a right to it. It is none of my business which way the slavery clause is decided. I care not whether it is voted down or voted up. Do you suppose, after the pledge of my honour, that I would go for that principle and leave the people to vote as they choose, that I would now degrade myself by voting one way if the slavery clause be voted down, and another way if it be voted up? I care not how that vote may stand. I take it for granted that it will be voted up. I think I have seen enough in the last three days to make it certain that it will be returned out, no matter how the vote may stand (laughter).

Sir, I am opposed to that concern, because it looks to me like a system of trickery and jugglery to defeat the fair expression of the will of the people. There is no necessity for crowding this measure, so unfair, so unjust as it is in all its aspects, upon us. Why can we not now do what we proposed to do in the last Congress? We then voted through the Senate an enabling act, called "the Toombs bill," believed to be just and fair in all its provisions, pronounced to be almost perfect by the Senator from New Hampshire (Mr. Hale), only he did not like the man then President of the United States, who would have to make the appointments. Why can we not take that bill, and, out of compliment to the President, add to it a clause taken from the Minnesota act, which he thinks should be a general rule, requiring the Constitution to be submitted to the people, and pass that? That unites the party. You all voted, with me, for that bill, at the last Congress. Why not stand by the same bill now? Ignore Lecompton, ignore Topeka, treat both those party movements as irregular and void; pass a fair bill—the one that we framed ourselves when we were acting as a unit—have a fair election, and you will have peace in the Democratic party, and peace throughout the country, in ninety days. The people want a fair vote. They will never be satisfied without it. They never should be satisfied without a fair vote on their Constitution.

If the Toombs bill does not suit my friends, take the Minnesota bill of the last session—the one so much commended by the President, in his message, as a model. Let us pass that as an enabling act, and allow the people of all parties to come together and have a fair vote, and I will go for it. Frame any other bill that secures a fair, honest vote to men of all parties, and carries out the pledge that the people shall be left free to decide on their domestic institutions for themselves, and I will go with you with pleasure, and with all the energy I may possess. But if this Constitution is to be forced down our throats, in violation of the fundamental principle of free government, under a mode of submission that is a mockery and insult, painful as it will be to me, I must break all associations or connections rather than forfeit my principles. I have no fear of any party associations being severed. I should regret to see social and political ties severed; but if it must be, if I cannot act with you and preserve my faith and my honour, I will stand on the great principle of popular sovereignty, which declares the right of the people to be left perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way. I will follow that principle wherever its legal and logical consequences may take me, and I will endeavour to defend it against assault from any and all quarters. No mortal man shall be responsible for my action but myself. By my action I will compromit no man.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Dec. 9.

The speech of Senator Douglas to day is universally admitted to be a great speech, perhaps the greatest he has ever made. It is admired by all sides for its compact force and plain solid strength. He dissected and exposed with masterly skill the manifold absurdities of the Lecompton plan—its inconsistency with reason, and with right, with justice, honour or fairness, with the professions of the Democratic party, and with the principles of popular sovereignty, all of which demanded unequivocally that the whole Constitution should be submitted in good faith to the people of Kansas.

Though his language was courteous, the manner of Senator Douglas was bold, haughty, defiant—the manner of a man who had deliberately assumed a perilous position, and had made up his mind to brave the consequences. His closing declaration, given with great energy, that if the Administration and the Democratic party persisted in the course they were now pursuing upon the Kansas question, he should be compelled by every consideration of honour, good faith and consistency to separate himself from them, was greeted with a round of applause by the crowded galleries.

Senator Mason of Virginia, who was evidently much disgusted by the speech of Mr. Douglas, moved that the galleries be cleared. Senator Pugh of Ohio said he should call for the Yeas and Nays, if the motion to clear the galleries were persisted in. After much persuasion, Mr. Mason withdrew his motion.

Although every Senator in the chamber must have felt that Mr. Douglas's speech was unanswerable, one or two of the Administration men undertook to parry a few of his blows. Mr. Bigler of Penn., who is understood to speak for the President, began by admitting the force of the argument, and of the considerations urged by the Senator from Illinois in favour of submitting the whole Constitution to the vote of the people; but thought it a sufficient answer to them to state the fact that the feelings and opinions of the majority of the people were such that it was useless to expect that the Constitution would be adopted, or that a peaceful and fair election would be held. He ventured also to taunt Mr. Douglas with inconsistency.

The Little Giant turned upon him with the mien of a lion who has received an insult from an inferior quarter, and speedily brought the Senator from Pennsylvania to a highly deferential attitude.

The contest between them was almost painful to behold. It was the spectacle of a weak man struggling unavailingly in the grasp of a strong man.

In the course of the debate Mr. Bigler alluded to a private conference of Democratic Senators a year or two ago at the House of Mr. Douglas, at which it was determined by them that, for certain considerations, the Kansas Constitution, when framed, should not be submitted to the popular vote. He insinuated, rather than charged, that the Senator from Illinois, influenced by the aforesaid "certain considerations," had assented to the agreement that the Constitution should not be submitted to the people.

Mr. Douglas haughtily and peremptorily denied it. Mr. Bigler hesitated. At this moment, Mr. Hale of New Hampshire, who, like the rest of the Republican Senators, had watched with silent interest the progress of the fight, rose, and, in his blandest and most insinuating manner, addressed the Pennsylvania Senator, remarking that he did not wish to interfere in the discussion, but, as an attentive and disinterested auditor, he would ask the Senator to explain a phrase he had used, the meaning of which did not seem to be quite clear.

Mr. Bigler innocently professed his readiness to afford any explanation in his power.

"I wish to know," said Mr. Hale, "merely for the sake of information, of course, what was the exact nature of those considerations to which the Senator so delicately and mysteriously refers as influencing the Democratic Senators in the matter of submitting the Constitution of Kansas to the popular vote."

In spite of the grave mood into which they had been thrown by Mr. Douglas's speech, even the Democratic Senators could not refrain from laughing at the embarrassment into which this question threw Mr. Bigler.

After some hesitation he recovered presence of mind enough to reply that the considerations in question were the condition and circumstances of Kansas at the time.

Mr. Hale did not press his inquiry. It would have been unkind to do so.

The debate was soon closed, and the Senate went into Executive Session to act upon a Message from the President, removing Secretary Stanton of Kansas, and appointing Governor Denver in his place. The cause of Stanton's removal is said to be the receipt of a telegraphic despatch, to-day, announcing that he had called together the Legislature of Kansas.

The debate on the Kansas portion of the message will be resumed on Monday. The Little Giant, standing at bay, will be more than a match for his antagonists. In losing him, the Democratic party loses the only man that could have put the Lecompton Constitution through Congress. They have no other man who combines intellectual resources with the requisite energy and force of will. He is naturally qualified to shine in opposition, and the South will find him even more formidable as an antagonist than he has been useful as a friend.

The struggle of Stephen A. Douglas with the Slave Power will be a magnificent spectacle to witness. He is equal to the fight, and, with the North to back him, will come out of it victorious if his courage does not fail him. He has begun the battle splendidly and I think will not back out.

Correspondence of The Times.

The discussion in the Senate, to-day, was important and significant, though brief. When Senators Douglas and Stuart burst the bonds of party, and proclaimed their entire dissent from the views expressed by the President on the Kansas question, it was easy to read the meaning of the frowns which at once spread over the faces of their Southern colleagues. Sorrow and anger were plainly written there. It was not enough that these gentlemen had laboured so zealously and risked so much in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise—thus opening a vast region of the North-West to the possible, if not probable, introduction of slavery; unless they are prepared to violate all right and every Democratic and Republican principle in order to force slavery on the Territory, they must be ranked at once with "the Abolitionists." Said Senator Brown, turning to Senator Wilson, as Douglas expressed his dissent from the Message: "I congratulate you on the accession of your new leader." How long do such men as Mr. Brown suppose they can have any Northern Democratic party on the terms they thus prescribe?

Senator Wade, of Ohio, who never misses the opportunity for a joke, met the defection of Douglas and Stuart with the declaration that *it was the first slave insurrection he ever saw*—a suggestion which excited not a little merriment among those who heard it. Of course the remark was *sotto voce*, and heard only by gentlemen in his immediate neighbourhood.

The progress and termination of the fight thus commenced is quite easy to foresee, so far as the Senate is concerned. There are in that body twenty certain Republican votes, against forty-two others when the Senate is entirely filled up. Five of the forty-two are Americans, who will not volunteer any support to the Lecompton scheme. Add to these, Douglas, Pugh, Stuart, Allen, Jones, Broderick and Houston—all of whom will stand together on this question—and the Lecompton party is reduced to thirty—a minority of two. But besides these, there is Pearce, of Maryland—who can hardly be dragooned into sustaining the Lecompton fraud; if, indeed, Bates or Gwin can be induced to do so, as I do not believe. Within a few days we shall see Davis, of Mississippi, pitching into Douglas, and a general row on the Administration side of the chamber—and, finally, the Lecompton men will make a rally against Minnesota, and endeavour to prevent her admission into the Union, unless Kansas is admitted at the same time; and upon *that* issue they will find themselves weaker in the end than even upon the other.

VIRGINIA DEMOCRACY.

From The Tribune of Dec. 7.

THIS day Mr. James Buchanan will communicate to Congress a very long Message, designed to commend the principles of his party and the policy of his Administration, and to convince foreign nations that we are the freest, happiest and greatest people on earth. But, just five weeks ago to-day, a trial was had before the County Court of Prince William County, Va., the result of which concurs with many kindred, but hardly so glaring, incidents in giving the lie to these vaunts. While we are waiting for the Message, we will very briefly set forth the facts:

Prince William is an agricultural county in Eastern Virginia, strongly "Democratic" in politics, having given Pierce 534 votes to 190 for Scott, and Buchanan 709 to 233 for Fillmore. At Occoquan, in this county, lives John Underwood—(no relative of John C. Underwood, exiled from Clarke County for attending the Republican National Convention—but) a substantial citizen and wheelwright, who, though not agreeing with the mass of his neighbours in politics, is so much respected and confided in that he has been for some years a Justice of the Peace. He votes with the "American" party, and supported Fillmore last year, but, being an inveterate subscriber to *The Tribune*, was strongly suspected of "Black Republicanism." Hence his neighbours managed, during the high political excitement of last season, to draw him into various discussions, in the course of which this native Virginian was impelled to say that he would sooner vote for Fremont than for Buchanan. The evidence adduced on the trial proceeds:

"Dawson then said, 'You must be an Abolitionist!' He said, 'I am!' The defendant, during this conversation, said he considered a negro just as good as he was, and ought to have the same privileges. In the conversation, defendant said they descended from Adam and Eve; that they were the father and mother of us all.

"The defendant on another occasion, in said store, when he and others were talking on politics and other subjects, in January, 1857, said 'that slavery was an evil to the country and to the State, and that it would put people more on an equality if slaves were free'; and during the conversation he said that if he was a slave, and killing his master would free him, he would do it. The last conversation was in the presence of four or five white persons, who were acquaintances of defendant; that at both of these conversations much was said which witness does not remember. There were no negroes present at any of the conversations."

Such was the substance of the evidence adduced against him on his trial five weeks ago to-day. For the defence, it was shown that he last January—after these alleged conversations, and before he was prosecuted for his share in them—sat as one of the Justices on the trial of five slaves of G. E. Green for the murder of their master, and united in finding the prisoners guilty and condemning them to death. This was the whole case.

The charge on which Mr. Underwood was indicted and tried was that of "uttering and maintaining that owners have no right of property in slaves." A very old and seldom quoted statute of Virginia makes this an indictable offence. Mr. Underwood was convicted of having violated it, and fined $312 50. A motion for a new trial was overruled, and a motion for arrest of judgement on the ground of the unconstitutionality of the act aforesaid was denied by the Court. To this decision his counsel have taken a bill of exceptions, but there is little doubt that the verdict will be sustained, and the defendant nearly or quite eaten up by the fine and costs.

Reader! when you read in the forthcoming Message that this is a land of matchless freedom and security for the rights of persons—niggers excepted, of course—just think of the case of the white native Virginian and Justice of the Peace, John Underwood!

THE GENEVA KIDNAPPING CASE.

From The Albany Journal.

NAPOLEON B. VAN TUYL, the Geneva kidnapper, was arrested at Niagara Falls, last Friday. The officer by whom the arrest was made is Mr. Ambrose Bedell, of Geneva.

It appears that Van Tuyl, after disposing of the negro which he succeeded in getting into Kentucky, very unconcernedly returned Eastward, via Canada, where he stopped for a day or two, and finally brought up at one of the hotels on the American side at Niagara Falls. Thence he forwarded by express to a young lady at Geneva, with whom he had previously kept company, a small box filled with Indian curiosities, which purported to have been brought from the Far West to that point by a Mr. Livingston. The detectives at Geneva, hearing of the arrival of the box, and being apprised of its contents, at once suspected that the "Mr. Livingston" referred to was no less a personage than the kidnapper himself. Measures were immediately taken to ascertain the truth of this suspicion, and information was soon received which confirmed it. Thereupon the officer above named proceeded to Niagara Falls and made the arrest. He found the gentleman flourishing a heavy gold-headed dirk cane, wearing a wig, which somewhat altered his appearance, and passing by the assumed name of Livingston. Despite this disguise he was easily recognised; and although he declared he was not the man wanted, Mr. Bedell persisted in believing otherwise, and accordingly took him back to Geneva. He was met at the railroad station by an immense crowd of intensely excited and indignant citizens, most of whom were black, and but for the presence of a number of officers, probably the accused would have been subjected to harsh treatment.

On Monday he was brought to Canandaigua. Being taken before his Honour Judge Taylor, he gave bail in the sum of $1,200 for his appearance to answer to the charge of kidnapping.

Van Tuyl is a small, dark-complexioned man, about 21 years of age, and of rather prepossessing appearance. Up to the time of his late disgraceful exposure he had sustained an irreproachable character, and led a blameless life. It is said he stoutly asserts his entire innocence of the crime charged upon him, and confidently expects to clear himself from suspicion. His father, who appeared with him here in Court, is a respectable citizen of Penn Yan. We believe the accused is his only child. The punishment for the crime with the commission of which he stands charged is confinement in the State Prison for a term of not less than ten years.

The Yates County *Chronicle*, published at Penn Yan, where Van Tuyl was born and brought up speaks, of his alleged connection with the late Geneva kidnapping affair, as follows:

"His complicity in this dreadful crime is almost incredible to those who have known him long and well. He is the only remaining child of his parents, who sustain a most exemplary character, and have trained their son to careful business habits, and sedulously instilled into his mind the principles of integrity and virtue. He maintained an honest character as a dry goods clerk. He was also a professor of religion and a member of a religious church."

A correspondent of the Cortland *Republican* says:

"The officers arrived here in this village on Friday night, with the distinguished Napoleon in irons, and the excitement in town was most intense, as you may well judge.

"The cringing villain, as he was led from the cars, begged the populace to spare his life; and had not the more reflecting part of the citizens interfered in his behalf, he would have been sacrificed on the spot. As it was, one coloured girl showed her pluck by aiming a blow at his head with a bar of iron, which, fortunately, scattered a waiter's lantern into a thousand pieces instead of laying open the brute's skull.

"To-morrow he is to have an examination, when he will doubtless be 'bound over,' and, after a trial, will probably know by *happy experience* the pleasure of bondage himself."

"A NUT FOR ABOLITIONISTS" CRACKED!

SLAVE VESSELS.—Three of the slave vessels recently captured and taken into Havana are said to have been built with Boston and Portland capital, and, when captured, Eastern people were on board as officers and part of the crews. Another of the vessels had been owned by parties in Massachusetts, Maine and New York, and was sold with the knowledge that she was intended for the slave trade. Here is a nut for Abolitionists.—*Bangor Union.*

The nut is easily cracked, and the character of the meat easily recognised. These slave vessels are all built, owned and manned by BLACK DEMOCRATS, albeit the vessels are built and the men (or brutes rather) live in the Free States. It is the party affinities of the men, these negro-stealers, that secure their entire impunity in their hellish traffic from the penalties of the law which are in the hands of the Buchanan Administration. A dozen or more of these demons in human shape have been detected in New York and other places, and proof, clear and conclusive as the light of day, obtained for their conviction, yet *they all escape punishment!* Buchanan's U. S. officers let them slip through their hands, as they did recently Fillibuster Walker at New Orleans. The death penalty is provided by the law for the punishment of these pests of society, but the Black Democrats decline to hang them: cause why?—they want them *to vote the Black Democrat ticket at elections!* They want a portion of the money made in the human flesh traffic to help carry the elections. The party leaders at election times assess these Northern slave-traders for election purposes as regularly as they do the Democratic office-holders. They are in reality *the pillars of the modern Black Democratic party.*

Time was when to say that a man was a New Englander or of a Free State was tantamount to saying that he was an anti-slavery man; but now, under the "sign" of the Pierce-Buchanan party, some of the very worst, most reckless, inhuman, brutal pro-slavery men in the whole Union are found here in New England, and scattered throughout the Free States—buying impunity from the severe laws against slave-trading by contributing their money and votes to the Black Democracy.

And when developments of this sort—when the men (or brutes) are discovered and announced to the public, the black organs of the Black Democracy coolly announce it as "*a nut for the Abolitionists!*" But this is a misnomer—it is "a nut" for the Black Democracy, black as Erebus and bitter as Dead Sea fruit—and, like the girl who "had the itch and wasn't ashamed to own it," the Black Democracy parade it before the public.—*Bangor (Me.) Jeffersonian.*

COLOURED PEOPLE OF CLEVELAND.

WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, in a late *Liberator*, gives the following account of the condition of the coloured people of Cleveland:

I spent four or five days in Cleveland after the adjournment of the Convention and discovered the almost only redeeming feature about that priest-ridden city. The redeeming feature is the intelligence, industry and respectability of the coloured citizens. Though not large, the coloured population of Cleveland surpass in thrift the same number in any other place in the North. Indeed, they will compare most favourably with an equal number of whites in any portion of Ohio. Most of them are from the South, where they were free, but were driven out by the tyrannical and oppressive laws of slavery, which they were unwilling longer to endure. Some of them are in good circumstances, and are engaged in business, employing their own capital. Messrs. Oliver and Henderson have a large and well-stocked store on Erie street, and appear to be liberally patronized by their white fellow-citizens. They are from Richmond, Va., and reside in their own dwellings. Mr. Oliver, though a resident of a slave State, managed to educate his children, and to bring them up with far more credit than most whites of the South. His two daughters are highly cultivated, and would grace any drawing-room in the land. The youngest is a sweet singer, and performs beautifully on the guitar. They feel deeply interested in the Anti-Slavery cause, and need only to become better acquainted with our movement to embrace it most cheerfully. Mr. Morris is from North Carolina. He is a merchant tailor, and has a fine run of custom. He is an educated man, and Mrs. Morris would do honour to any society in which she might appear. Mr. Parker keeps a provision store, and resides in a fine brick house, owned by himself. He is employed on the Mississippi river, and leaves the management of the store to Mrs. Parker, who possesses what Fowler calls "go-aheadativeness" to a far greater extent than most women. She would be a fortune to any business man. Mr. Swing and Mr. Stanley are tin manufacturers, and each has an establishment of his own. Mr. Marshall keeps a grocery, and another man, whose name I did not learn, has a blacksmith shop and is doing well. Miss Allston, an accomplished young lady, is a teacher of music, being very proficient on the guitar and piano. Miss Stanley is a teacher in one of the day schools, and her education places her in the front rank of her profession.

There are many other coloured persons in Cleveland who are doing well, and whose elevated positions will contribute much to the cause of the slave. Amongst these are Mr. Vosburgh and Mr. Leech. The former rents out houses to his white neighbours, and the latter is a physician. Mr. Vosburgh deserves great credid for his industry.

The coloured citizens of Cleveland took decidedly more interest in the late Convention than the whites; and the respectability and high tone of morals that characterize them have opened the doors of the public schools to their children. This fact alone speaks volumes for the coloured citizens there. There are n

said Territories is to consent to their oppression and extermination.

Ninth: That all methods of government or missionaries to civilize the Indians must continue to fail until they cease breaking down their tribal relations.

Tenth: That a great waste of Indian funds is being made by hiring white men to cultivate the Indian lands instead of learning the Indians to work the same.

Eleventh: That, according to estimates made, our Government has expended within the last 43 years over $300,000,000, mainly for the restraint and government of our Indian population, when, had they been fairly dealt by, this enormous sum would have been no more necessary for their restraint and correction than for the restraint and correction of the inhabitants of the State of New York—officers high in Government authority having declared themselves unable to point out a single treaty which was ever first broken by the Indians.

Twelfth: That said informants do not charge the foregoing wrongs upon any one political party or Administration, nor as being always effected by design; but that it is rather the result of custom or habit of long standing.

Thirteenth: That the plan of civilization proposed by the American Indian Aid Association is almost universally approved by Indian Agents, travellers and residents, so far as has been explained to them, and, if carried out, will, in their opinion, greatly aid Government and missionaries in their praiseworthy efforts to benefit the Indians upon the reserves.

Fourteenth: That the efforts now being made to cut up into new Territories the remaining Indian lands in Utah, Neosho and elsewhere, we have good reason to believe, are made purely for the benefit of office-seekers and land speculators; and it is earnestly hoped that Congress will give no countenance to the same.

In view of the foregoing alleged facts, the Directors

Resolved, first, That the friends of justice and humanity, in every part of our common country, be invited to coöperate with them in giving their influence for the preservation of our red brethren.

Resolved, second, That, in consequence of the pecuniary embarrassments of this city, the Board have been obliged to defray nearly the entire expense of their operations out of their own pockets; that their funds are exhausted, and they are greatly crippled in their labours; and further, that the friends of the cause be earnestly requested to remit such material aid as they can spare either to the Secretary or to Dr. L. T. Warner, Treasurer, No. 49 Lafayette place, that the Board may be enabled to publish a large amount of facts now in their possession, and also to send out agents and lecturers to awaken the public mind to the importance of the objects of their enterprise, &c.

Resolved, third, That politicians, editors, postmasters and clergymen, of all parties and denominations, be earnestly requested to sign, circulate and forward to some representative in Washington the following petition.

TAPPEN TOWNSEND, Chairman.

W. C. GOULD, Sec'y, No. 218 Spring street.

PETITION.

To the United States Senate and House of Representatives.

We, your petitioners, being inhabitants of the State of —— and County of ——, having carefully read the foreging statements and allegations concerning the condition and treatment of our Indian population, said to have been made to the Directors of the American Indian Aid Association, located in the City of New York, most respectfully call your attention to an investigation of the aforesaid allegations, and, should you find them true, in whole or in part, we most earnestly request you to enact such measures and laws as in your wisdom you shall deem best to secure the preservation and elevation of the few remaining tribes of our red brethren.

Dated —— ——.

WASHINGTON NEWS AND GOSSIP.

From The Times.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, Dec. 12, 1857.

It is not true that any formal efforts to read Senator Douglas out of the Democratic party have been essayed by a caucus of Senators, although every rival, of course, seeks to dispose of him by remarks and insinuations tending in that direction. The task would be found difficult, and if possible to be accomplished would leave the party itself so dilapidated as scarcely to be worth the attempt at saving. Public sentiment at the South, which, on the question of slavery, is exacting as the grave itself, demands of Representatives of all parties from that section unconditional support of the Lecompton fraud; but no man from the free States can lend the scheme his countenance without doing violence to his own conscience, and the sentiments of his constituents whether Democrats or Republicans. This is well understood here; and, as nothing would be more hopeless than the condition of the South without Northern support, Southern Senators will wait awhile before closing the doors of reconciliation forever with Mr. Douglas and those Democrats who shall choose to act with him.

If they had needed a warning upon this point they have it in the action of the Indiana Representatives in Congress, who have given notice that, upon this Kansas question they must abandon the Administration and stand by Douglas and "popular sovereignty." The Illinois delegation will assuredly follow suit. If these movements, from the only States of the North except Pennsylvania which voted for Buchanan, are not to be taken as evidence of the overwhelming Democratic sentiment throughout the free States, where shall we look for better? Public meetings and presses, everywhere in the North, except when controlled by Federal patronage, give expression of Democratic concurrence with Mr. Douglas; and even if, by a judicious distribution of patronage, Mr. Buchanan could succeed in forcing the Lecompton Constitution upon Kansas, every Northern Democrat who expresses his opinion, concedes that the effect would be to wipe out his party in every subsequent free State election.

No man knows this better than does the Senator from Illinois. If he can succeed in the present struggle for the right, he will save his party from destruction; while, if he yields to the wrong and suffers its consummation in silence, a political grave yawns inevitably before him and all his friends; so he has not even the claims of self-interest to check his present course. Policy and right in this instance go hand in hand. On the one side there is everything to *save*, and on the other everything to lose. What folly is it then to anticipate the least retrograde movement by Douglas and his friends.

But I am not of those who seek to disparage the Senator's efforts by reflecting upon his motives. He is *doing* right—why then charge him with doing it *only* for self? A good motive is more naturally ascribed to a good act than is a bad one; why then attempt to rob Mr. Douglas of due credit for the bold and manly contest against party discipline and power which he is now waging? Certainly he never seemed to me to have so much of heart in any of his public discussions as now; and never was he more resolute and scornfully defiant of all assaults or opposition. Standing upon the rock of truth, and assured that no sophistry can choke it, he calmly surveys the storm now bursting over his head, as confident of ultimate success and safety as in the hour of his acknowledged leadership of the Democratic party.

The President is unfortunate in his friends, and has learned by this time that it is quite impossible to have a competent leader upon the floor of the Senate, without having at the same time a man who will gain personal laurels also, and so become a rival to be feared. Mr. Bigler's failure settles that point, and the Senator from Pennsylvania will be withdrawn to the rear like a dilapidated soldier. Who will take his place, as the champion of the President and Lecompton, is a question of much interest. It must be either Toombs, Jeff. Davis or Hunter. Mr. Toombs, who is a sort of political nondescript, is not yet arrived. He is probably waiting for the smoke of the first broadside to lift, in order that he may see more clearly the position of affairs, and judge which side is likely to get whipped. He would naturally be expected to side with the Lecomptonites, but he is a bold man, erratic as a comet, and quite as likely to turn up somewhere else. Just reelected to the Senate for six years, he can afford to risk something. "Douglas and Toombs" wouldn't be a bad ticket in 1860.

Davis and Hunter are not especially friendly to the Administration. They "support it," of course; but their support will be found eventually very much like that which a man may be supposed to derive from a dagger point just under the fifth rib, and which is sure to find his heart as soon as he ventures to lean upon it. Hunter will not forget the partnership between the President and Mr. Wise, his own political rival. If he takes the Administration up now to carry it through the present crisis, he will let it slip down and suffocate in the first dirty puddle beyond. Mr. Davis, the ablest, boldest and most manly of all the fire-eaters, would be suspicious company for Mr. Buchanan in any emergency. In his hands the President must necessarily abandon all hope of conservative support. Besides, Mr. Davis has a mission, that of defending the Administration of Franklin Pierce, of which he was a member, and showing it to be the *model* Administration. It is not to be expected that he will consent to forego this for the sake of piloting Mr. Buchanan successfully through. If the present Administration is weak and breaks down, the strength of its predecessor will be the more apparent by contrast. Why should Davis stand before the sun and so cast shadows upon that with which he is himself identified? He will not; and if Mr. Buchanan puts himself in his hands, woe betide the fame to which he aspires.

On every side the President is beset with difficulties, growing out of his ill-judged support of the Lecompton scheme; and in every forward step he finds, and *will* find, himself treading upon thorns. There is no safety for him, except to retreat. Those who would help him through—such as Bigler—are unequal to the task; and those who might do it after a fashion, will not except for the ultimate purpose of sacrificing him upon their own altars. In losing such men as Walker and Douglas, he loses, at the very threshold of his Administration, all chance of carrying it through with credit. It is passing strange that he will not or cannot foresee this, and is consequently rushing towards a failure as total and ignominious as that of his Bigler Pro-to-type upon the floor of the Senate.

An evidence that the President begins to suspect the extent of his blunder is found in his appointment of Wm. A. Richardson to be Governor of Nebraska, only a day or two ago. Richardson openly proclaims his hostility to Lecompton, and his sympathy with Mr. Douglas's present position. Yet he was nominated and confirmed, notwithstanding his habits, unless speedily reformed, will quite unfit him for the duties of so responsible a position. s.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Dec. 15.

Gov. Walker will, to-morrow, send in his resignation, accompanied by an elaborate letter to the Secretary of State, setting forth his reasons. These are, substantially—that the President has reversed his policy of letting the people of Kansas decide their domestic institutions for themselves, to carry out which Walker accepted the place; that he (Walker) cannot conscientiously follow the President's instructions under the new policy as developed in the Message; that it is the President's right to decide upon his own policy, and, therefore, that the Governor, when unable to obey, has no alternative but resignation. The President anticipates the resignation, and is much disturbed in consequence of the reasons to be assigned. Senator Pugh has expressed his determination to sustain the President's policy in Kansas.

From The N. Y. Herald.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13, 1857.

Gov. Walker arrived here yesterday, and immediately sought Senator Douglas, with whom he had a protracted interview. He also sent his private secretary to the President yesterday, to inform him that he was in the city, and that he had no idea of leaving here for the present. He intends to call on the President to-morrow. The Governor is as determined as ever in his opposition to the Lecompton Constitution; but strong hopes are entertained that Senator Douglas will yet face the storm he himself created, and stand by the Administration in the hour of danger. Gov. Walker does not contemplate returning to Kansas prior to the election, if at all. He advocates the immediate passage of the "Toombs bill," but this is wholly out of the question. Constitution or no Constitution is now the great issue here.

I am authorized to state that the despatch in the New York papers of Saturday, that the Indiana delegation had an inverview with the President and informed him they intended not to support the Lecompton Constitution after the exposé of Douglas, is a base Black Republican fabrication. No such interview was had—no such conversation ever occurred.

The news of Gen. Walker's arrival at Punta Arenas caused considerable talk among the Solons and Lycurguses here. If the report as stated is correct, that the commander of the Saratoga, on boarding the Fashion, found her papers all correct, the Collector at Mobile, from whence the vessel sailed, will have his head taken off in short metre.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.

Captain Van Vliet left Washington very suddenly for Kansas. He goes out with special instructions to Gen. Harney. The troops are to be brought into requisition, if necessary, to preserve order and enforce the laws, and carry out the action of the Locompton Convention.

From The Philadelphia Bulletin.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 12, 1857.

The Hon. Robert J. Walker, Governor of Kansas, arrived here last evening, greatly to the relief of the Administration leaders, who feared that he had effected a new *coup d'état*, by a hurried journey to Kansas, so that he might supersede the new acting Governor, Mr. Denver.

Gov. Walker has been closeted this morning with Senator Douglas, consulting on the best course to be adopted by them. He will issue an address to the people, defining his position, as soon as it can be prepared.

Senator Gwin, of California, says he will support the Administration on this Kansas business, if Walker will resign, and he strongly urges that course. Douglas, however, opposes it.

Senator Pugh (Democrat) from Ohio is rather sulky in his allegiance to the Administration on this point.

A majority of the Democrats in the New York delegation will stand by the Administration. The Hon. Daniel E. Sickles, however, adheres to Douglas.

The Administration leaders have commenced the whipping-in process successfully. Douglas is entirely abandoned by the President's friends, and it is rumoured that he will be dropped from his place of Chairman of the Committee on Territories in the Senate.

Judge Douglas is in high spirits, and regards things as going on entirely to his satisfaction. He feels quite confident of defeating the Lecompton Constitution.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14, 1857.

Gov. Walker informed me yesterday that he is preparing his address to the American people, and shall issue it as soon as he can do so, and avoid the charge that it was done to affect the Kansas election, which comes off on the 21st instant. He recognises the legality of the acts of the Kansas Legislature, as does Mr. Douglas also.

Some, however, are trying to make a little capital out of the story that the Legislature called together by Mr. Stanton has no legal existence until the 1st of January next. This is a mistake. The existence of the old Legislature, which was recognised by the Federal Government, ceased in the month of October last. The new one came into life then, so that bugbear won't work.

Douglas breakfasted with Col. Orr on Saturday morning. The Democratic members of the Senate have concluded not to throw Douglas off the Committees, nor to read him out of the party, if he will stop where he is; but they threaten, if he persists in his opposition to the Kansas policy of the President, to "cut him adrift and let him go down the stream," to use one of their own expressions.

Messrs. Groesbeck and Pendleton, of the Cincinnati district, Ohio, who were disposed to be decided Free State men, are claimed now by the Administration. Pugh has about determined to go along with them. The President's doctrine is to shoot deserters.

From The Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13, 1857.

The new hall of the House of Representatives being now ready for occupation, a large number of members visited it on Saturday, and, to test its qualities, organized themselves by the choice of Mr. Banks as Speaker. The gentleman from Massachusetts filled the chair with the grace and dignity befitting the first occupant of the presiding seat in so noble a chamber, and the House, thus extemporized, had a very jolly and amusing session. The members and spectators were unanimously of opinion that the hall is admirable in every respect. It is impossible to conceive anything more convenient or comfortable. The acoustic properties of the hall were carefully tested, and it was found perfect. A man speaking at any part can make himself heard, without effort, throughout the entire chamber.

This morning the Rev. Dr. Cummins, of this city, preached in the new hall a dedicatory sermon to a congregation, filling the floor and nearly the whole of the vast galleries. His text was Deut., chap. xxxiii., v. 19. He spoke in glowing terms of Moses, leading his host of fugitives from slavery into the wilderness, cordially praised the Puritan forefathers of New-England, cited the Abolitionist, Wilberforce, as the model of a Christian statesman, and declared, with great fervour, that this continent was destined by Providence for Freedom, not for Slavery. It was an eminently national and patriotic discourse. Most of the Senators and Representatives were present. Dr. Cummins is an Episcopalian, and a native of Virginia.

The scene was very beautiful and impressive. The sombre attire of the men who composed the majority of the congregation was agreeably relieved by the gay and glittering colors of the hall and of the desks and chairs. As the solemn responses of the service of the Church of England were repeated from the galleries, every word was distinctly audible without the slightest echo or reverberation. The lowest tones of the preacher's voice could also be heard throughout.

The new hall is certainly a complete success, and reflects the highest credit on those who designed it. Besides its perfect adaptation to its use, in which it far surpasses all other legislative halls in the world, it is a beautiful specimen of the art of interior decoration, which has hitherto been almost unknown in this country. It still needs pictures and statues to complete its beauty. Cover its walls and fill its nitches with master-pieces of art, and in splendour and magnificence it will be for centuries to come a worthy place of assembly for the representative legislators of an empire, commensurate with a continent. An effort will be made in the House to induce it to take possession of the new hall on Wednesday.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Dec. 15.

Several of the leading Republican members of Congress had a long and confidential interview last night with Senator Douglas at his house. The conference is understood to have related to the affairs of Kansas, and to have been highly satisfactory to all concerned.

Gov. Walker is confined to his chamber by illness. Admittance is denied, in compliance with his physician's injunctions, to all visitors. He proposes publishing a series of letters, to contain a full history of events in Kansas during his Gubernatorial Administration.

Senator Douglas's enabling act for Kansas will consist of the Toombs bill with a provision ingrafted upon it, like that in the Minnesota enabling act, for submitting the Constitution to the people. It may be offered to-morrow or Monday. He prefers this course to that of allowing the people to take their choice between the Topeka and Lecompton Constitutions, but will not distinctly commit himself upon that point until the question is directly presented to Congress.

Jefferson Davis is preparing a reply to Mr. Douglas, and though Mr. Hunter and others are endeavouring to prevent an irreconcilable schism in the party, signs of separation are increasing. The leaders of the Democracy are beginning to realize that Mr. Douglas cannot be read out of the party without hazarding its destruction, and are unwilling to accommodate the Administration at that cost. Look out for attempted compromises.

From The South.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9, 1857.

Although the President's Message is generally satisfactory, it is hazardous to express an opinion upon some portions of it until they have been subjected to future scrutiny and criticism on the part of the discerning Democracy of the country. The Southern members of the 35th Congress are by no means unanimous in approving the expressions and sentiments of the document, and criticisms are indulged in with great freedom, and, in some instances, with a degree of severity. Indeed, it is proper to say that that portion of the Message relating to Kansas affairs has occasioned no little disappointment on the part of the Southern members, who had hoped that the President would have defined his position towards Walker's high-handed and dictatorial acts and his misgovernment in the Territory, so as to give them the opportunity of discriminating in his favour in their conscientious condemnation of the policy pursued in Kansas, and of uniting in sincerity and heartily supporting the Administration, and giving it the confidence of the South. Unfortunately, however, as it will be perceived, Mr. Buchanan has wholly omitted any allusion to the official misconduct of Gov. Walker, leaving his sentiments on that subject in a very grave state of doubt. This omission was evidently studied and made by Mr. Buchanan for reasons best known to himself; but it may entail consequences which he would be glad to have avoided. An expression of dissatisfaction is already heard here from high sources of Southern opinion, on account of the fact that Mr. Buchanan has shown a disrespect to the South, in passing by, without a word of notice or allusion, the solemn protests of three sovereign States of the Union against the usurpations of the Federal authority in Kansas.

The fact is, the Kansas portion of the Message is unfortunate in pleasing no inconsiderable portion of the party; for while dissatisfactory to the Northern faction, who complain that the President has sustained the Lecompton Convention, it is by no means wholly acceptable to the party leaders of the South, who are justly offended with the omission of the President to define his position towards the official misconduct of Gov. Walker, and with the silence with which he treats the repeated Southern protests on that subject, made, as they were, under the most imposing demonstrations of public sentiment, and calling, at least, for some notice from the Administration.

The Message, as I am advised, will not escape an attack in the House from high Southern quarters.

You may be assured that the Northern opposition to the Message will not be met, on the part of the South, with any considerable amount of zeal in sustaining the President on all parts of the Kansas question.

From The Pennsylvania Inquirer

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11, 1857.

It was amusing to see how carefully many of Mr. Douglas's old associates endeavoured to avoid committing themselves. It was almost impossible to get an answer to the question, "are you a Douglas man?" From his warmest admirers hitherto it was hard to get anything but "I do not know—I always have been—but Mr. Douglas of to-day, and Mr. Douglas of yesterday morning, are two very different men." The fact is, almost everybody was taken by surprise, and had not yet recovered their equanimity. A great many will withhold their opinion until it is seen what effect is produced upon the country, while others are bold enough to avow at once their continued allegiance to the man and his measures.

Strange enough, *The Union* of yesterday and to-day contained no allusion whatever to his speech, not so much as a line, while *The Star* repeated its lachrymose regrets at his defection. That paper admits that it was "the ablest forensic effort of his Congressional life," and that he is now "a man of somewhat more mark than before," and yet alleges that "all of the South among us were mourning that Senator Douglas had thus, in an hour, sacrificed all the result of the labours of his previous political life," and unceremoniously turns him over to the Republican party, with a parting insinuation that he is now only covering the rear of Gov. Walker, who is himself covering that of Gov. Seward.

If this is not already drawing the line between the North and South, I know not what it is. There is a virtual admission that Northern Democrats are likely in a body to adopt his views, and that henceforth true Democracy will exist only in the South. Mr. Douglas's views, if I understand them, do not necessarily lead to this conclusion, but he claims that the Democratic party has momentarily abandoned their avowed principles, and his object is to set them right. One thing, however, is certain: the breach between him and his old affiliation is irreparable, unless they come to him.

From The Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14, 1857.

The Administration boasts finally of its strength in the Senate and House, and its ability to triumph over Mr. Douglas in the Kansas matter.

Yesterday Mr. Douglas was confident of his power to carry his enabling act through Congress and defeat the Lecompton Constitution. He is firm as a rock, yet not boastful, but quietly certain of ultimate triumph. Gwin he reclines upon. The democratic delegation from Ohio, without exception in House or Senate, are with him, doubtless by personal pledge. His spirits were never higher. Said a democratic member of the House to him, "The Washington *Star* is trying to drive you from the Democratic party." "Yes," replied the "little giant," laughingly, yet with a sarcastic air, "the *Star* denounces me—*I care not what the other journals say*—but the *Star* will ruin me."

When a member of the House remarked: "The President is against you;" he replied, "It is not the President *versus* Douglas, but the President *versus* the President"—in allusion to the double-faced message.

The Illinois Senator is making excellent use of his time. His friends are earnestly with him, and his plans are matured. By interviews with all persons who can give him facts respecting Kansas and the Calhoun clique, he is preparing himself for battle. The delegate for Kansas, Mr. Parrott, is among those who have furnished him with important information.

Mr. Douglas, upon his return to Washington, entered the new house which has been building for him during his summer and fall absence. It is exactly opposite his old residence, which now is, and since April has been, occupied by his father-in-law, Mr. Cutts. The new block erected by Mr. Douglas and others consists of three houses, costing $35,000. The land was bought first as a speculation, the owners being Messrs. Douglas, Rice and Breckinridge. Mr. Douglas is considerably interested in city property here, and is very popular with the people of the district.

I understand that Mr. Giddings will, in the course of the present session of Congress, prepare a speech on the slavery question in its ecclesiastical and religious aspects, which he will either read himself or have read by a brother member. He would prefer his usual extempore style, but it is not permitted by his physician.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15, 1857.

The Administration is trying to create an impression that Douglas and Walker regret the course they have taken, and would now be glad to reinstate themselves in Executive favour. The report was more generally circulated than believed. It is possible, to be sure, that Douglas may retract; so it is that the President may arise from his prostration before the *institution*, or that the South itself, by some extraordinary interposition of Providence, may become reasonable and just, or that an earthquake may swallow us all up—but all the other contingencies are likely to happen before the first.

The Senate standing committees have been decided upon, and are constituted with the same unfairness as they were at the last Congress. On motion of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Sumner was excused from serving upon any committee, on account of ill health. His physicians and friends urge him to make another voyage to Europe or Cuba, as any conversation upon the subject which is now agitating the country produces an excitement dangerous to his health. But the importance which his vote may have will, unless his symptoms should become more unfavourable, prevent his prolonged absence.

SLAVE-HUNTING IN INDIANA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 9, 1857.

ALLOW me to lay before your readers briefly the facts of a very remarkable fugitive case which has just closed at the capital of our State. The name of the alleged fugitive is "West," or "Weston," and his claimant is one Austin W. Vallandingham, of Frankfort, Kentucky. The negro left Kentucky four or five years ago, having escaped from the service of his master while hired out by him as fireman on a steamboat which repeatedly landed on the Indiana and Illinois side of the river, and by which he insisted he became free. He finally took up his abode at Naples, in Illinois, and was caught there by one Ellis as the agent of the claimant, assisted by George Vallandingham, his son. They put him in irons and brought him through Indianapolis on their way south, when the coloured people procured counsel and took them on habeas corpus before Judge Wallace of the Marion Common Pleas, who discharged the negro because his captors had no certificate for his removal, obtained from a competent officer, on proof first made that he owed service and had escaped, as required by the act of Congress of 1850. He was immediately arrested by the Marshal on a warrant issued by Commissioner Rea, upon the affidavit of said Ellis, and taken before the Commissioner for the hearing of the case. The counsel for the negro (Messrs. Ellsworth & Colby, Cobern, and George W. Julian), moved to quash the warrant because the affidavit did not show that the fugitive, at the date of the alleged escape, was the slave of his claimant, and because the power of attorney under which the agent acted was not authenticated according to the Fugitive Slave law. These objections clearly entitled the negro to a discharge from custody, but the Commissioner overruled the motion, and declared that he would feel bound to hear the case, as the fugitive and his claimant were both present, if there were no legal papers on file.

The counsel for the negro then filed an affidavit made by him that he was a free man by landing on free soil, with his master's consent; that he had never returned to his service, and that he could prove these facts if a reasonable time were given him to procure his testimony on the Ohio river, giving the names of his witnesses. The Commissioner refused the continuance, declaring that the fugitive had no right under the law of 1850 to any evidence in his behalf, and that his duty was to hear the case in an *exparte* and summary way on the claim of the master. The poor fellow was then forced into trial. The claimant had been sent for and was present. He swore that the negro was his slave; that he bought him in 1840 of the Graham estate, and took a bill of sale of him, which he had left at home; that he had owned him ever since his purchase, &c. The counsel for the negro objected to his testimony, the bill of sale not being produced, and being the best evidence; but the Commissioner overruled the objection, and permitted him, his son, Mr. Ellis, and two other witnesses to retail any amount of hearsay and secondary evidence, much of it being mere rumour and neighbourhood tradition, thus trampling down the well-settled rules by which courts are guided in the investigation of controverted facts. The evidence, however, disclosed the fact that the negro had landed on free territory with his master's consent; and excluding what was palpably inadmissible, there was not sufficient proof to have warranted any Justice of the Peace in Indiana in rendering judgment for the recovery of a mule in replevin, or his value in an action of trover.

But the Commissioner made out his certificate for the removal of his victim, and armed the claimant with a posse to guard him, upon which a habeas corpus was served upon the Marshal, requiring him to have the fugitive before Judge Wallace to show by what authority he restrained him of his liberty. The substance of the Marshal's return was that he held him by virtue of the certificate of the Commissioner for his removal as a fugitive from the service and labour of the claimant. The negro answered under oath, denying all the material facts set forth in the certificate of the Commissioner, and thus, as his counsel supposed, putting the claimant upon the proof of them before the State Judge; but he (Judge Wallace) decided that whatever the conduct of the Commissioner might have been he could not go behind his certificate, and that the State had no power to protect any one thus villanously victimized. Such is slave-catching in Indiana, and so ended a case which lasted about ten days, producing intense excitement during its continuance, and threatening at times to end in open revolt against the constituted authorities.

How much longer will the people of Indiana and of the free States tamely submit to a law which tolerates and encourages such outrages as I have described? How much longer will our Republican editors and politicians deal all their denunciations against Kansas villanies, when the same or greater villanies are being enacted in our own borders? OBSERVER.

From The Louisville (Ky.) Courier.

The negro West, belonging to A. W. Vallandingham, of Frankfort, who was tried as a fugitive slave at Indianapolis, and by order of the Commissioner delivered up to his master, arrived here last night, and was placed in jail.

Mr. W. H. Sparks, the messenger of Adams & Co.'s Express, who came in the same train, has furnished us with the following, in reference to his departure from Indianapolis, and the circumstances attending his being brought to this city. Mr. M. North, of Indianapolis, also placed us in possession of the facts of the case. The runaway was in charge of Deputy United States Marshals Carmichael and McOvatt, assisted by a posse of determined men, all well armed, and it would have required a pretty good army of Abolitionists to get him away.

The negro fugitive from Frankfort, in this State, whose case has created so much excitement in Indianapolis the last few days, was led last night by the United States Marshal and his posse to the Union Dépôt, Indianapolis, through the midst of a very excited throng, and placed in the Jeffersonville railroad cars, en route to Louisville. The passengers and officers of the train were very much alarmed lest an attack from the infuriated mob should be made upon them. Such, however, I am glad to state, did not occur. All passed off quietly; but had not Mr Ricketts, President of the Jeffersonville Railroad, been on board of the train at the time, matters would have assumed a very serious character. Mr. R., fearing that some obstructions might be placed upon the track, called the engineer inside and told him his business, with strict injunctions to proceed cautiously and slowly the first ten miles. When about three miles from Indianapolis, Mr. Ricket's fears were confirmed by the discovery of a huge pile of rails and cross ties being placed upon the track, evidently to cause an accident to the train. A mile further we found a pile of greater magnitude, which I believe, had we come in contact with while moving at the speed usual at that point, all on board (excepting the posse and negro, who occupied the ladies' saloon in the bind car) would have met with inevitable destruction. After clearing the track the second time, Conductor Wolkup stepped upon the platform of the baggage-car to let off the brake, and was immediately dealt a severe blow over the head with a missile, evidently in the hand of some Black Republican sympathizer in ambush. The fugitive, however, was safely lodged in the Louisville jail.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1857.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR

Will open at 15 *Winter street, Boston, December* 17, 1857.

THE Exhibition was never so exquisite in its artistic features, or so attractive in its choice selection of *petits objets* for the drawing-room, the toilette, the boudoir, the library, *a great proportion of which are not in commerce.*

The admirable little gallery of photography, engraving and English water-colours, merits study. There are, besides many fine architectural pieces of other countries, *fifty-eight* fine photographs of the MONUMENTS OF ROME, by MACPHERSON, the distinguished European artist, unsurpassed in ability and resources, accompanied with descriptive manuscript text by Mrs. JAMESON. There are *eight engravings of frescoes in the Sistine Chapel;* representations of personages in the life of Moses and the Saviour, by *Botticelli, Luca Signorelli, Roselli, Perugino, and Ghirlandajo.* These are really admirable as works of art. *Four* engravings after *Raphael*, from the Camera della Segnatura, at the VATICAN. Two water-colour drawings of St. Peter and St. Paul, by *M. Soulacroix*, a French artist of reputation. (The originals were destroyed under Paul IV.) Roman Bronze Inkstands, after *Benevenuto Cellini*—Ariosto's—the Temple of the Sun—the tomb of Cecilia Metella. A beautiful bronze copy of a *Pompeian lamp*, and a most elegant, exact copy of an ancient *Etruscan* one. A bronze ring-stand—the original at Pompeii. A bronze bell—a copy of the bell of St. Peter's THIRTY-ONE *presse papier* Marbles (antique) found on the Via Appia—precious because no longer to be found, the very quarries being lost. They were found and are given and authenticated by the ABBY AULAMES, a virtuoso of profound research and rarest taste and acquirement. A small Bronze Jupiter (*the original antique*). Small bas reliefs of Pius IX. Sets of Roman Pearls, Bracelets and Pins for Coiffure, Scotch Mosaic Studs. A series of Sulphur Medals for Numismatic Students. Imitation Coral. Beautiful and fashionable Roman Scarves, large and small.

Photographs from the old masters, by the first French artists—from Palma Vecchio, Raphael, Paul Veronese, Correggio, and many others, among which may be mentioned *the Vow of the Concina.* Fine photographs of BERANGER, with two heads of the pastor ADOLPHE MONOD, perfect resemblances, with heads of Hugh Miller, Dr. Livingston, and many others. English water-colour Landscapes. A portfolio, just received, of extraordinary inspiration—all by admired artists, sketched among Lake scenes and on the German Ocean, and made desirable by associations with distinguished individuals. An admirable copy, in oil, of the Infant Shepherdess, by *Greuze*, just received for this year's Bazaar. Charming etchings on Doyleys of Lake Scenery.

An exquisite selection of FLORENTINE MARBLES, of pure classic taste. Tazzas and Vases, carved in *basso relievo. Warwick Vase* in verde-antique, Sarcophagi, Models of the Monuments of FLORENCE and PISA. Agate and Alabaster Flower-Stands. Statuettes of carved Alabaster and of white and tinted *Biscuit*, illustrating the Middle Ages—the Falconers—Knight and Lady—the Red-cross Knight, Royalty, the *Esmeralda* of VICTOR HUGO. *Uncle Tiff*, by Eugene Barham, the Venus de Medici and the Venus of the Shell.

French *Ebenisterie d'Art*, in small pieces of boudoir and salon furniture. Ladies' lace toilettes. Choice Sèvres Porcelaine. The beautiful Dumfermline Table Linen—the identical web exhibited in Paris. A new and most beautiful style of boudoir chair-cover, of muslin and lace, brilliantly and delicately tamboured. The richest and heaviest Afghan blankets and silk patchwork for bed, table, chair and sofa-covers. The splendid Halifax sofa-rugs, of the great Crossley Works. Every description of Berlin wool work of rarest beauty. Every possible form of cotton and woollen crochet-work. Black velvet brilliantly and artistically embroidered, perfumed Sachets and Cushions, Tabourets and Footstools. Bead-work, of a multitude of patterns, for household ornament and use. Children's Dresses. Ladies' dress patterns.

An admirable selection of the Macchline clan Tartan wood-work, of a hundred charming little varieties. Figures in *Terra Cotta*, after the antique. Copies of Etruscan vases.

☞There are many prints, statuettes, dolls, dresses, &c., which would afford most useful hints for private Theatricals or *Bals costumes.*

THE BOOK TABLE will be supplied with every variety of DE LA RUE'S *beautiful ladies' writing materials*, for *elegant gentlemen's Christmas and New Year's presents*, with an unequalled selection of the choicest Sheffield cutlery in great variety. Stereoscopic Views. Views of Scotland, Westmoreland, the Holy Land. The Nursery Sketch-Book, the Nursery Music-Book. Tales by MARY HOWITT. The (British) Christian Annual. Penn's "No Cross, no Crown." Armstead's Negro's Memorial. Uncle Tom—Scotch edition. The Two Altars, in miniature form. A collection of English tales, not yet republished in this country. Eight volumes of Handel's Oratorios, very valuable edition. Valuable Autographs—a list will be published hereafter. The slaveholding Bible and Book of Common Prayer, Lippincott's Philadelphia edition, published under the sanction of the Bishops. New Music. A new edition of "The Flying Trunk."

The true American Gift-Book of the Season, THE LIBERTY BELL, will be published on the opening morning, in a fresh style of binding, and containing articles from the American statesman, jurist, and literateur, the English poet, and French savant, and philosopher—all commending righteous Liberty to the world.

WAX DOLLS, beautifully dressed, and named after their donors.

☞There will be a most attractive TOY TABLE, furnished with splendid dolls, with an immense variety of children's coloured picture books, by English Aunts and Grandmothers; and a REFRESHMENT TABLE; and for the latter, further supplies are entreated.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,
MARY MAY,	HELEN E. GARRISON,
LOUISA LORING,	MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,
L. MARIA CHILD,	HENRIETTA SARGENT,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
ANN GREENE PHILLIPS,	J. DE PEYSTER HOWE,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT OF THE

BOOK TABLE,

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR,

December 17, 15 *Winter Street.*

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—The Play-Fellow, by HARRIET MARTINEAU—comprising The Frisco and The Peasant, Feats of the Ford, The Crofton Boys, The Settlers at Home, all in separate volumes. Picture-Books for Children; Aunt Mavor's Series; Mary Merry Heart's Series; Little Stories of MARY HOWITT and Mrs. SHERWOOD. Gilded miniature books, full bound. Gilt-edged miniature stories, among which are the following: Many Calls; The Two Altars, by Mrs. STOWE; Children's folio picture-book; Imperishable Nursery Scrap Book; Do. Horn Book; Nursery Heroines of France; The Butterfly's Ball; History of our Pets; Tom Thumb's Alphabet; Alphabet of Peace; Puss in Boots; the Lost Lamb.

The Christian Wreath—a beautifully illustrated annual; St. Werner's Chapel; The Tombs of Dumfermline; New Sacred Melodies; Fead's elegantly illustrated Tam O'Shanter; The Land of Burns; Fifty Almanacs in One; The Prophet Elijah; Etiquette for Ladies; Biblical Gem; Tables of Criminal Statistics of England and Wales.

FACTS AND INFERENCES.

It is certain that Christianity is directly and irreconcilably hostile to the practice of slaveholding.

It is certain that those energetic testimonies against slavery which were long ago put forth by certain ecclesiastical bodies, such as the Presbyterians, Methodists and Quakers, had not such vitality as either to put a stop to the continuance and increase of slavery without, or to prevent its extension within, their own limits. Even where the form of verbal testimony against it was continued, it subsided into a lifeless form, and allowed the very bodies which periodically uttered these words of protest to become saturated with the spirit of slavery, and in most cases to engage openly and shamelessly in the practice of it.

It is certain that Abolitionism, as organized in the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies, and taught by their founders and agents for the past twenty-seven years, however inspired by a religious character and Christian principles in those who commenced the movement, was equally inspired by humanity, justice, and a regard for the rights of man, and that none of these springs of action originated in, or were helped by, any Church or ecclesiastical organization.

It is certain that, after thus originating outside of Churches and sects, abolitionism found its progressive action checked, discouraged, obstructed and stigmatized by all of them; and this attitude was so prominently displayed, and so pertinaciously continued, that the Church and the clergy stood before the Abolitionists as "the great bulwark of slavery."

It is certain that, soon after the commencement of the movement known as "Abolitionism," troubles began to arise in the Churches from the action of small minorities, or even single individuals, who, having heard and embraced "abolition sentiments," brought them before their respective Churches in prayer, exhortation or discussion. These persons took the ground that slaveholding was a sin, and that, like other sins, it should be immediately repented of and forsaken; that since it had been, up to that time, sheltered in the Church, the Church should promptly separate herself from it and protest against it; and that the clergy, the leaders and guides of the Church, should forthwith clear their own skirts of guilt, and perform their proper function, by loudly testifying, in their pulpits, Church meetings, ecclesiastical organizations, and periodical religious publications, against the sin of slaveholding. The clergy and the Churches almost universally denied these propositions, refused and resisted this action, and stigmatised the proposers of it as disturbers of the peace and harmony of the Church, and "troublers in Israel."

It is certain that—notwithstanding the expulsion from the Churches of some of these "agitators" (usually on the ground of a breach of their covenant obligations, by bringing an evil report against good Christian brethren who held slaves or defended slaveholding), and the voluntary withdrawal from the Churches of others (who declared the bre

LATEST FROM KANSAS.

THE infamous arrangement of the bogus Convention at Lecompton, whereby the Border Ruffians, with the aid of the Administration at Washington, hoped to fasten a pro-slavery Constitution upon Kansas in defiance of the popular will, has awakened in the people of that Territory a spirit of resistance which has already led to very important results, and which, if persisted in, may possibly secure for them a victory over their enemies. After the departure of Gov. Walker, the duties and responsibilities of the executive department fell to Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of the Territory, who, in view of the intense excitement and indignation of the people, yielded to their urgent solicitations and issued his proclamation convening the new Territorial Legislature in extra session at Lecompton on the 7th inst. He did this in response to a written request, signed by a majority of the members of both branches of the Legislature, who pledged themselves that the action of the body at the called session should be confined exclusively to such measures as might be deemed necessary to defeat the Lecompton swindle. Mr. Stanton was convinced that this was the only measure that could prevent a civil war, the people being resolved upon resistance, in some shape, to the effort to fasten upon them a pro-slavery Constitution in defiance of their will.

The Legislature convened in accordance with this proclamation and was organized on the 8th inst. C. W. Babcock was elected President of the Council and G. W. Deitzler Speaker of the House. The acting Governor presented a message in which he said:

"In consequence of recent events having produced a profound agitation of the public mind, and a sense of wrong and injustice, whether well or ill-founded, and an apprehension of greater evil arising therefrom, having aroused the people of the Territory to their consideration, and to dangerous excitement, I find myself compelled by a sense of duty to call you together, that you may adopt prompt legislative measures to arrest the calamities which threaten the public peace."

It is probable that, ere this, the Legislature has nullified the action of the bogus Constitutional Convention by repealing the law under which it was constituted, and making provision for a new election in which the people will be permitted to say which Constitution they will adopt—that framed by the Free State party at Topeka, or that of the Lecompton conspirators. Through this act of justice on the part of Stanton, the Free State party has been able to gain for itself a basis of legal authority and to put its enemies in the position of rebels. We see not how this advantage can be wrenched from them, even by the aid of the Administration; for, although Stanton was removed by the President immediately upon the telegraphic announcement that he had called the Legislature together, his successor, Denver, tool of the Border Ruffians as he is, will have no power to resist its action, as the Free State party have a majority sufficient to override his veto—supposing he reached Lecompton in time to try the effect of that prerogative, which is by no means certain. In a few days we shall learn by what measures the Legislature has undertaken to defeat the Lecompton swindle.

There are rumours that the President will support Regent Calhoun in opposition to the action of the Territorial Legislature, and give him the aid of U. S. troops in consummating the elections of the 21st of December and the 4th of January, as prescribed in the Lecompton schedule. On the other hand it is said by those who best know the state of feeling in Kansas that such action on the part of the Administration must inevitably lead to a civil war, as the people are resolved that they will not any longer submit to their oppressors. A delegated Convention—the largest ever held in the Territory—assembled at Lawrence on the 3d inst. Gov. Robinson presided. The spirit exhibited was decidedly revolutionary. The following resolutions were adopted:

1. Resolved, That we utterly repudiate said Constitution, framed at Lecompton; that it is an instrument hostile to the popular will; and, appealing to the God of Justice and humanity for the rectitude of our intentions, we do solemnly enter into a league and covenant with each other, that we shall NEVER, under any circumstances, permit the said Constitution so framed, and NOT SUBMITTED, to be the organic law for the State of Kansas; but do pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honours in ceaseless hostility to the same.

2. Resolved, That we denounce the so-called election of December 21, as a swindle, and the election of Jan. 4, 1858, as a crime, and a misdemeanor against the peace of this Territory, and the will of the majority.

3. Resolved, That the Legislature elected in this Territory on the 5th day of October, 1857, is the only legitimate Territorial law making body that has ever been elected for the Territory of Kansas, and that its functions shall not be superseded by any Constitution or State Government until a fair and impartial vote shall be had on the same.

4. Resolved, That this Delegate Convention do hereby reindorse the Constitution known as the Topeka Constitution, and do declare it to represent the wishes of the majority of the people of Kansas to-day; and that when it shall have again received the popular sanction under authority of the only legitimate Territorial Legislature ever convened in Kansas Territory, recognised by the authority of the United States, that we shall maintain it against all opposition.

5. Resolved, That looking chiefly to the above end, we respectfully memorialize the Territorial Legislature, about to convene in an extra session on the 7th inst., to frame a fair and impartial election law, and that they, under it, do submit the two Constitutions—the people's Constitution framed at Topeka, and the Constitution framed at Lecompton—to a vote of the people of this Territory, and that the said Legislature provide that the Constitution which shall receive a majority of all the legal votes shall become the fundamental law of the State of Kansas.

The latest despatch from St. Louis says:

"Kansas letters to *The Republican* state that intense excitement prevails among all classes of people in the Territory, and the probabilities are that the party opposed to the Lecompton Convention will not permit the election on the 21st.

"Gen. Lane, and 300 or 400 men, were encamped near Lecompton; and threats had been made of driving Gen. Calhoun and the members of the Convention out of the Territory, but no outbreak had yet been attempted."

THE MORMONS.—The latest advices from Utah afford additional evidence of the determination of the Mormons to resist the entrance of the U. S. troops into the Territory. They are in a state of intense excitement, and their leaders are preparing for deeds of rapine and blood. The ground taken is, that the U. S. Government is bound to bestow all the Territorial offices upon residents—in other words upon Mormons. This would seem to be a legitimate application of the new Democratic doctrine of Popular Sovereignty. The only "Gentile" U. S. officer left in the Territory after the exodus of last Spring, Dr. Hurt, Indian agent, has been compelled to flee for his life. To show the spirit that prevails among the leaders we give extracts from some of their sermons.

Heber C. Kimball, in one of his discourses (reported in the Mormon organ), said:

"I want to tell some of my feelings here to-day, in a few words, relative to Bro. Brigham. I call him brother, because he says if I call him President he shall call me President, and just as sure as he does, I am as flat as a pancake. I shall only call him President before the Saints, in his calling; I was going to say before our enemies, but, damn them, they shall never come here.

"Excuse me, I never use rough words only when I come in contact with rough things, and I use smooth words when I talk upon smooth subjects, and so on according to the nature of the case that comes before me.

"You all acknowledge Bro. Brigham as the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, then you acknowledge him as our Leader, Prophet, Seer and Revelator, and then you acknowledge him in every capacity that pertains to his calling, both in Church and State, do you not? [Voices, 'Yes.']

"Well, he is our Governor. What is a Governor? One who presides or governs. Well, now, we have declared in a legislative capacity that we will not have poor, rotten-hearted curses come and rule over us, such as some they have been accustomed to send. We drafted a memorial and the Council and the House of Representatives signed it, and we sent to them the names of men of our own choice, as many as from five to eight men for each office, men from our own midst out of whom to appoint officers for the Territory.

"Now, I will tell you, I have about a hundred shots on hand all the time; three or four fifteen shooters and three or four revolvers right in the room where I sleep, and the devil does not like to sleep there, for he is afraid they will go off half-cocked.

"If you will lay a bowie-knife or a loaded revolver under your pillow every night, you will not have many unpleasant dreams, nor be troubled with the night mare, for there is nothing that the devil is so much afraid of as a weapon of death.

"You may take this as some of Heber's wild visions if you please. I have acknowledged myself as one of the people, and now I say we will take our own name, and we will not be false named any more. We are the kingdom of God, we are STATE OF DESERET, and we will have you, Bro. Brigham, as our Governor just as long as you live. We will not have any other Governor.

"Many of you have sustained Judge Douglas as being a true friend to this people, and he is just as big a damned rascal as ever walked, and always has been; he has taken a course to get into the chair of state, and that is what he is after; he will try to accomplish that if he goes to hell the next day; but he will not go into the chair of state, he will go to hell."

Bringham Young, in a recent sermon, uttered himself as follows:

"I do not often get angry, but when I do I am righteous angry, and the bosom of the Almighty burn with anger towards those scoundrels, and they shall be consumed, in the name of Israel's God. We have borne enough of their oppression and hellish abuse, and we will not bear any more of it, for there is no just law requiring further forbearance on our part. And I am not going to have troops here to protect the priest and a hellish rabble in efforts to drive us from the lands we possess, for the Lord does not want us to be driven and has said, 'If you will assert your rights and keep my commandments, you shall never again be brought into bondage by your enemies.' The government of our country will go by the board through its own corruptions, and no power can save it. If we can avert the blow for another season, it is probable that our enemies will have enough to attend to at home, without worrying the Latter Day Saints. Have faith and all will be well with us. I would like this people to have faith enough to turn away their enemies. I have prayed fervently about this matter, for it has been said that the troops would come, but I have said that if my faith will prevent it they shall not come. If God will turn them whithersoever he will, so that they do not come here, I shall be perfectly satisfied. But another man steps up and says to the one that prays for our enemies to be turned away, 'Brother, you are a coward; damn them, let them come, for I want to fight them.'

"I have told you that if this people will live their religion, all will be well; and I have told you that if there is any man or woman that is not willing to destroy anything and everything of their property that would be of use to an enemy if left, I wanted them to go out of the Territory, and I again say so to-day, for when the time comes to burn and lay waste our improvements, if any man undertakes to shield his he will be sheared down, for judgment will be laid to the line and righteousness to the plummet.' Now the faint-hearted can go in peace, but should that time come, they must not interfere. Before I will suffer what I have in times gone by, there shall not be one building, nor one foot of lumber, nor a stick, nor a tree, nor a particle of grass and hay, that will burn, left in reach of our enemies. I am sworn, if driven to extremity, to utterly lay waste in the name of Israel's God."

DEATH OF WILLIAM H. TOPP.

DIED, at his residence, in Albany, N. Y., on Friday evening, Dec. 11, WILLIAM H. TOPP. He was in his forty-fifth year.

There are very many readers of THE STANDARD who will hear this announcement with deep regret. "Last evening, the 11th instant," writes a friend, who sent us this sad intelligence, "death put an end to his sufferings. He has closed his earthly career, having spent the whole of his life in endeavouring to improve the condition and moral position of his race." All who knew Mr. Topp can bear very emphatic testimony to the truth of such an eulogium—the highest that can be paid to one of that race which the people of this country love to oppress and degrade. "Most of our citizens," says *The Albany Evening Journal*, "knew and respected Mr. Topp. Although of the proscribed coloured race, by his industry, enterprise, taste, intelligence and manly deportment, he had acquired a handsome property, and the confidence and friendship of all who knew him." The very character he had established in that community, even had he done nothing else, is an evidence that his life-long labours for his race have not been in vain.

We are indebted to Mr. A. M. Powell for the discriminating sketch of his character which we insert below; and we most sincerely join with him in an expression of sympathy for Mr. Topp's family and nearest friends.

For several years past Mr. Topp's health had been gradually failing, with strongly marked indications of consumption. It was not, however, until in July last that he was obliged to relinquish altogether the care and superintendence of his business. At that time his lungs became more affected, and under the influence of a severe cough his strength rapidly declined, with a prospect of a speedy termination of life, until early in the month of October, when, though quite prostrate, the consuming cough was arrested, his strength was in some degree restored, and, for several weeks, there seemed reasonable hope of his ultimate recovery. About three weeks prior to his death, his symptoms again changed, and grew continually more hopeless, until, on Friday evening last, after a season of severe physical suffering, he quietly and peacefully passed from this sphere of existence.

The members of a bereaved family-circle mourn the loss of a devoted husband, a fond and affectionate parent and brother; from a numerous and widely extended circle of relatives and friends has been removed an endeared relative, a faithful, true, and beloved friend. The outraged and bleeding slave had, in the deceased, a conscientious, efficient and devoted advocate; the hunted and flying fugitive a ready helper and protector; the cruelly proscribed and persecuted colored man a distinguished, untiring, and able coadjutor.

Few there are whose lives have been more uniformly and religiously consecrated to labor for the promotion of the best interests and the well-being of their fellow-men.

For many years he has cheerfully and liberally contributed of his talent, his moral influence, and his means, most valuable cooperation in bearing upward and onward the glorious Anti-Slavery enterprise. Numerous are the heroic adventurers from the scenes of Southern oppression, who have thanked God and taken fresh courage, and who refer with blessings to his memory for his generous and self-sacrificing aid in the hour of greatest need.

In no cause have his efforts been attended with more important results than in that involving the culture, elevation and enfranchisement of the nominally free coloured people, so generally the victims of popular hatred and prejudice. Identified by complexion with that greatly wronged class, such were his noble and manly characteristics, that universally he commanded the respect and esteem of all who knew him.

The *life* of such a man is itself the most powerful of arguments, more potent for good than any word which could be uttered, or statute enacted.

He was most vigilant and untiring in his endeavours for the moral and political elevation of the coloured people, for the establishment of greater facilities for thorough education and culture.

For such a vindication of the rights of humanity, irrespective of colour or condition, accompanied by vigorous efforts for real progress, he will ever be held in grateful remembrance.

As an upright and honourable business man he had no superior, and in that capacity he had won the confidence and esteem of a large circle of patrons and friends. In social life his was always a welcome presence. Few are recipients to as great a degree of the rare endowment of native refinement, and an intuitive sense of propriety. His self-possessed, dignified and gentlemanly bearing indicated to all the spirit of a superior man.

Through life the devotional and religious element, sincere, catholic and liberal, has been strongly marked in his character.

Thus early he has been removed from a position of great usefulness in this sphere of life, but, we may hope and fondly believe, to one of still greater importance, whither he has gone.

I mourn his loss as a dearly beloved personal friend.

A. M. P.

MEETINGS IN NEW JERSEY.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 7, 1857.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ON Thursday and Friday evenings of last week, additional meetings, of the series in the surroundings of New York, were held in Paterson, N. J. The audiences, though not as large as in Newark, were good-sized, and composed of an intelligent class of persons, who gave us a very attentive hearing, and the meetings cannot fail to be attended with good results. The second evening we had the presence and welcome cooperation of OLIVER JOHNSON. The meetings were to have been continued yesterday (Sunday), but were unavoidably deferred until a future time.

We are indebted to Mr. AARON DOUGLASS and his family for efficient aid in arranging for the meetings, and for cordially proffered hospitality.

Several meetings are to be held during the present week in Boonton, N. J., from which place we have assurances of a cordial welcome.

Kind and cheering responses come to us also from other towns in New Jersey, on Long Island, in Westchester Co., and elsewhere, in reference to proposed meetings in the vicinity.

AARON M. POWELL.

The above letter was intended for last week's issue, but crowded out. We are now able to report that a series of meetings was held at Boonton, N. J., on the evenings of Thursday and Friday, the 10th and 11th inst., and on the following Sunday afternoon and evening. These meetings were held in Liberty Hall, which is owned by Dr. Grimes, a devoted Abolitionist and a warm friend of every philanthropic enterprise. The churches in the place are all closed against the advocates of the slave. The meetings were attended by audiences quite as numerous as could have been reasonably anticipated, and the tokens of interest in the subject were such as to gratify and encourage the speakers. Mr. Powell and Miss Anthony were heard with earnest attention on the first two evenings, and on Sunday they were joined by Oliver Johnson, of New York. The whole Gospel of Anti-Slavery, as understood by the American Anti-Slavery Society, was presented "without concealment and without compromise," and it is believed that a lasting impression was made upon some very earnest and intelligent minds, and the way effectually prepared for still greater success at a future time. The people of Boonton are almost exclusively engaged in the manufacture of Nails—a business now very much depressed. Under such circumstances it was not to be expected that much could be done there in the way of subscriptions to THE STANDARD or donations to the treasury. The hall, however, was free, and the people contributed quite as generously as they were able to do toward defraying the expenses of the meetings. To Dr. Grimes and his wife the speakers are all indebted for a hospitality so generous as to make them feel that, as the advocates of the slave's cause, they were more than welcome.

Announcements of future meetings will be found under the appropriate head. We hope to be able, ere long to announce a series of meetings for this city, to be held under the auspices and with the cooperation of the Covenanters.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXIX.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent lacketh the wherewithal to correspond—He telleth of the Banks and confesseth his ignorance—He compareth Banks with Manufactories—And bestoweth much wise counsel—He is is paradoxical as to one being better than many—His opinions on Urbemanufacture—He reverteth to his holiday visits to Lawrence before it was—He defendeth his hebetude—His knowledge of Mayoral candidates—How he discerneth between them—He comforteth the liegos—And telleth of the prospects of the Bazaar, &c., &c., &c.

BOSTON, Dec. 14, 1857.

I AM afraid I shall have to write another stupid letter this week, for nothing has been obliging enough to happen worth the immortality of your columns. The banks have resumed specie payments here to-day, I see by the papers, in imitation of your good example on Saturday. I don't even know enough to know whether it is best they should or not. Only, I have a lurking prejudice in favour of people's paying their debts and meeting their obligations when they can. And there seems to be no particular reason why the banks should not return to the way in which they should go, as there does not appear that there was any violent necessity for their departing from it. It lifted some people over the shallows, who would otherwise have gone aground, I suppose. But it must have been only the more squeamish among them, for, since the debtors have taken things into their own hands and arranged their payments to suit their present necessities without regard to their former promises, one cannot see why this pleasant bridge across the gulf of bankruptcy could not have been thrown over it, with the banks paying specie as well as while they refused to do it. But, as I have just said, I speak out of the exceeding simplicity of my heart, which knows little about the intricacies of the labyrinth of business and less about the clue which is to lead adventurous footsteps safe out of it.

But the condition of the banks is one of blissful serenity and ease compared to that of the Manufacturing Corporations. Bank notes being a fabric very cheap and easy to manufacture, the banks do not require such expensive machineries and agencies to carry them on. And besides, the business is done in the midst of things and with men looking on who know something about the raw material—or personal credit—which is the staple of the banking business, as well as the best way of working it up for their own profit. A bank cannot very well go very far wrong which has an actual capital, and whose Directors are not criminally conniving or careless. But it is not so with Manufacturing Corporations. They are put miles away, where those concerned in them have to make a journey to see the Babylons they have helped to build. The Directors are often men who do not know the difference between cotton and wool, or calico and *mousseline de laine*, when they see them, and who are appointed for the amount of capital they have put in. Then the Agencies are made a kind of Foundling Hospital for younger members of influential families, or an Alms-house for the support of decayed lawyers or broken-down merchants, who are selected to take care of the corporation property because they could not take care of their own. Then a treasurer has to be paid liberally, and with good reason, for his business is not to *keep* money, but to *raise* it, and this often on his own personal credit. Then there must be buying agents and selling agents, and a quantity more of leeches to be filled from the veins of the company, so that it is not surprising that so many are bled to death. It is surely no wonder that we should read so often in the Money Article of newspapers that the Maelstrom Mills or the Swartwout Manufacturing Company have passed their dividend. It is only marvellous that any of them ever stumble over one.

It is perfectly clear to my mind that manufacturing business must be a very paying one in this country, if carried on properly. For it is not to be supposed that all, or any considerable portion, of these companies have had their affairs conducted on the Bay State and Middlesex pattern. Most of them, even if they do not pay dividends to shareholders, pay their expenses, including the salaries of innumerable agents and middle-men. Now even the worst of these, if carried on no more economically than they now are, by an individual capitalist, would pay him a most liberal return for his investment in these salaries which he would pay to himself, as he would earn them in his own proper person. But, of course, such a manufacturer would save expense at every turn. And as for those Corporations which do pay a regular, or occasional, dividend to their proprietors, they would be immensely lucrative to a man who would put a great part of the present expenses as well as the whole of the profits into his own pocket. The property in all these concerns must finally pass into individual hands, and it cannot happen too soon. It is time the grinding up of small properties into powder by water-power and steam-power were put a stop to. And the characters which have been caught in the wheels and have come out mutilated or broken in pieces show what dangerous things they are to meddle with. Those branches of manufacture which are mainly in the hands of individuals, or partnerships attending to their own business—such as that of shoes and of paper—have passed through the crisis with comparatively little damage. The Bay State Corporation had a lively meeting last week, in which there was very plain talking and strong resolving that any actual delinquent should be brought to justice. It is natural enough they should wish to get this satisfaction, if they can have no other, when their shares, for which they (some of them perhaps) paid the par of $1,000, are down at $26! But it won't be done. They may catch some poor devil of a clerk or an underling of some sort; but the meshes of American justice are not strong enough to hold the big flies. Indeed, they are spun with the plain purpose of letting them go.

I well remember, when I was a school-boy at Andover, that a walk to the bridge over the Merrimack, where Lawrence now stands, was a favourite Saturday afternoon's walk. Nothing could well be more quiet and solitary than the scene was then. The river rolled tumbling and foaming finely, I remember, under the bridge and so away to the sea. I never dreamt of its being caught and set to work, and that because of this very roughness which made the rapids so pretty to look at. One would hardly have believed then, had it been told, that a City was to be conjured out of nothing and set down on the farther bank, with the splendid masonry of the Bay State Mills reaching over into the river's bed. The City is there and the Mills; but the wealth of which they were supposed to be the sign has shrunk away and disappeared, like the glittering turrets of a fairy-tale. New England has had a severe lesson this year; but it is one that will put her property on a much sounder basis, if she profit by its teachings. The first thing she should learn from it is that as the half is more than the whole, so one man is better able to carry on an intricate business like manufacturing than a multitude. And the second, that cities make themselves and cannot be forced like grapes or pineapples, or, at least, be forced as in the case of those fruits, to be as good as Nature can make them, as, indeed, Nature does Mr. Cowper says that "God made the country and man made the town." I rather think he made, or occasioned to be made, the one as well as the other; and when men undertake to put them where he has not made them necessary, they are very apt to find that they do not understand the business.

I trust all this is not intolerably stupid; but, if it be, don't blame me, but the times. It's not my fault. One hears of nothing but losing businesses and breaking merchants, and rotten corporations, and how can I give you better than I get? We have a municipal election toward, here, it is true. But as I care nothing about it, and you can hardly care more, I can't make any epistolary capital out of that. There seems to be a *row* of some sort about it, as I told you in my last letter; but for the life of me I can't tell you what it is all about. A Mr. Hall, whom I never heard of, was nominated by a Citizens' Convention, when another Convention got together, and set up a Mr. Lincoln, whom I know nothing about. So I can't take a very intelligent interest in the matter. The *Post* objected to Mr. Hall as a Republican; but as it is said Mr. Lincoln is a Republican as well, I don't see how his nomination helps the salvation of the Union, which is the trade and mystery by which the *Post* gets a very good living. The *Courier*, which has gone into the same line of business, but with much leaner prospects, also supports Mr. Lincoln. This is all that I know of against him; but it must be admitted that it is a great deal. The presumption must be terribly against anybody the *Post* and the *Courier* unite in supporting. But if, as I understand, his chance of election is not great, it is of no particular consequence. They who sympathize with that confessor in whose obituary it was recorded "*that he loved to pay his taxes*" will probably have their affections satisfied under either Magistrate. We cannot hope, yet awhile, to have such a phœnix of a Mayor as you have for the short remainder of this municipal year. We must bow our "provincial" heads to your "metropolitan" superiors in that regard.

The Anti-Slavery Bazaar opens this week. I am assured that the supplies of things, useful and ornamental, pertaining unto Fairs, were never so abundant or so beautiful as they are this year. I trust they will be of power sufficient to warm even the cold heart of the Panic sufficiently to make it forget its losses and its fears. For the first time, I believe, since the Anti-Slavery Fair was, it has descended to the level of the street. But as this descent is one that is, in fact, a promotion, it is all the better. It is to be in the rooms underneath those where it has been held for the last two or three years. I trust it will have a good account to give of itself after it has run its appointed course. But of this in my next letter.

D. Y.

PERSONAL.

The Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post* says that Senator Sumner's nervous condition was such that he felt himself unable to endure the excitement of listening to Douglas's rebellious speech, and he therefore retired from the Senate chamber immediately after the Senator from Illinois took the floor.

John C. Fremont and wife visited Boston recently. They were the guests for one evening of the venerable Josiah Quincy, at whose house they met a large circle of friends. Mr. Fremont had the good sense to decline an invitation to a public dinner with which some of his political friends sought to honour him.

Gen. Packer, Governor elect of Pennsylvania, while out hunting recently about thirty miles north of Williamsport, ruptured a blood-vessel, or strained himself in some way, which caused a hemorrhage of the lungs, and for a few days his danger was considered imminent, but at the last advices his recovery was considered sure.

The marriage of the Rev. John Pierpont will be found in our columns to-day. *The Tribune* says: "Mr. Pierpont, who is widely known as a poet and advocate of Total Abstinence, was born in April, 1785. He is therefore entering into conjugal relations, for the third time, we believe, at the age of 72 years." *The Tribune* is mistaken; Mr. Pierpont has been married but once before this.

Wm. Henry Burr, one of the most accomplished phonographic reporters in the United States, and who, having been frequently employed in reporting the proceedings of Anti-Slavery and other Reform Conventions, is well known to many of our readers, has associated himself with Mr. Wm. B. Lord, another experienced member of the same profession; and the firm (Burr and Lord) has opened an office at 119 and 121 Nassau street.

The Rev. Thomas T. Stone, of Bolton, Mass., is engaged in delivering a course of twelve lectures on English Literature before the Lowell Institute in Boston. Speaking of the first lecture, Charles K. Whipple, in *The Liberator*, says: "The spacious hall was crowded long before the time appointed for the lecture, and the number of persons who stood until its close, because unable to obtain seats, showed that the high qualifications of the lecturer are well known to the public."

The Washington correspondent of *The South* thus illustrates his chivalrous courtesy and dignity as follows:

"It was a spectacle, as it struck your correspondent, more curious than agreeable, the administration of the oath of office to the distinguished Carolinian by the hoary-headed traitor, Giddings, of Ohio, who, as the oldest member of the House, performed this office for the Speaker. The yellow-hided old Abolitionist, with his vulgar, sensual face and his broad haunches, looked lustier than ever and likely to last the session through without any more dramatic swoonings on the floor, unless some one should undertake to *Sumnerize* the old wretch."

We find the following paragraph in a letter from the Connecticut correspondent of *The Tribune*:

"The lecture season has commenced in Hartford quite brilliantly. The lists of both 'the Arts Union' and 'the Young Men's Institute' display an unusually shining array of lecturers' names. Mr. Wendell Phillips, of Boston, delivered the opening lecture of the Institute course last Tuesday night. Mr. Phillips has lectured in Hartford three winters in succession, which is a pretty sure token that the people like to hear him. Well, to tell the truth, though I frown indignantly upon all Northern disunionism, as in duty bound, after all, I, myself, like to hear Mr. Phillips talk. I really do; though, of course, I don't confess to this weakness everywhere. I'm willing to tell you (though I wish you wouldn't mention it), that when I'm in Boston of a Sunday I always go in the morning to Music Hall to meeting, and in the afternoon I stroll on the Common. What a pity it is that your Garrisons and Parkers and Phillipses, and other pestilents of the same sort, should be such thundering smart men. It is a most mysterious dispensation of Providence, and so is the other fact, that so many good, worthy, orthodox divines, and sound, conservative, solid laymen, of 'respectability and standing,' should be such dreadful dullpates. But though I own up to a sort of guilty pleasure in listening to Mr. Phillips's lectures, I can fully appreciate the pious zeal which prompted a worthy citizen of the other class mentioned just above, to address a communication to *The Courant* not long since, asking, with awful significance, whether the Wendell Phillips engaged to lecture before the Institute was Wendell Phillips the disunionist, infidel and heretic. The editor never deigned to reply to this anxious 'inquirer,' and the lecture Committee, I presume, did not experience so much dismay as the said 'Inquirer' expected would be felt by them, for it seems they did not withdraw their invitation."

OREGON.—Partial returns of the election held in Oregon on the 9th ult. leave no doubt that the people have voted, by a large majority, to exclude slavery from the new State. In seven counties the vote against slavery is five to one. Three issues were presented, viz.: First, whether they should appprove the Constitution, and thereby signify their desire to be addmitted as a State into the Union; secondly, whether they should tolerate slavery; and, thirdly, whether they should permit free negroes to settle in the State. The Constitution has, no doubt, been adopted, while the vote, so far as returned, shows a majority of five to one against the admission of free negroes. The State which enacts such outrageous injustice as this is unworthy to be called free. The San Francisco correspondent of *The Tribune* says:

"It is probable that the vote on the three questions will bear about the same proportion in the districts to be heard from as in those from which we have the returns. It is a well-known fact that a large proportion, if not a majority, of the citizens of Oregon emigrated from slave States—particularly Missouri and Arkansas—or the southern border of the Free States; and the proportion is probably larger in the Counties bordering on the Columbia and the lower Willamette than in the southern part of the Territory. That the people about Portland have not come from any district much affected with Abolitionism is plainly to be recognised by the large vote against the admission of free negroes. The miners of the South will certainly not be more friendly to slavery than the farmers of the North. There is a report that some of the southern counties have given majorities for slavery, but I doubt it."

THE PIRATE WALKER effected a landing, with 300 men, at Greytown, Nicaragua, on the 25th ult. He landed in broad daylight directly under the guns of the U. S. sloop of war Saratoga, the officers of which made no effort to prevent him.

THE Hon. CHARLES SUMNER is entitled to our thanks for bound files of *The Congressional Globe*, containing the entire proceedings and debates of the Thirty-fourth Congress.

THE "Appeal of the Woman's Protective Emigration Society" is in type, but excluded this week for want of room.

THE WORLD MOVES.—In 1850, Senator Seward pursued his journey from Auburn to the Senate Chamber without the company of a single sympathising political friend. Mark the change! Now he is joined at Albany by his own colleague, Preston King, by Solomon Foot and Jacob Collamer, of Vermont. At New York he meets Senators Hamlin and Fessenden, of Maine, Hale and Clark, of New Hampshire, Sumner and Wilson, of Massachusetts, Foster and Dixon, of Connecticut, and Simmons, of Rhode Island. At Philadelphia and Baltimore the company is further increased by Cameron, of Pennsylvania, Wade, of Ohio, Chandler, of Michigan, Trumbull, of Illinois, Harlan, of Iowa, and Durkee and Doolittle, of Wisconsin. Instead of a solitary No in the Senate Chamber to the demands of the Slave Power, its walls will now echo to twenty voices. This number will soon be swelled by a new Senator from Iowa, and we trust two from Kansas, and perhaps, if rumour proves true, one from California. Verily, we may take courage and work on. The right must surely triumph.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

Summary.

A late American editor, who has gone over to the locofoco side of politics, complains of "a violent pain in the region of the left auricle of the heart." Perhaps he *lies too much on that side.—Louisville Journal.*

Among the amusements of the city there is a coloured people's theatre in Cambridge street—admission fifteen cents. It affords amusement to good houses. The play last Friday evening was Romeo and Juliet. There was *some* acting.—*Boston Cor. Northampton Courier.*

A LUCKY YANKEE.—The *Greenfield* (Mass.) *Gazette* says that Charles H. Goodwin, formerly an engineer in A. K. Spencer & Co.'s blind factory in that place, goes to England in the next steamer to look after an estate of $500,000 left to himself, his father and his aunt, by a brother of his father lately deceased at London.

THE ANTI-TOBACCO QUESTION.—An Anti-Tobacco Society has been for some time formed in England. A Mr. Reynolds recently delivered a lecture in Preston, and the audience became so impressed with his remarks that they advanced *en masse* and delivered up their pipes, snuff-boxes and tobacco, and solemnly declared that they would renounce forever the seductive weed.

INDIAN SLAVES IN NEBRASKA.—The St. Louis *Democrat* says: "We are informed by a gentleman just from Nebraska that some Indians are now held in slavery by a citizen of that place. The holder of them is recently from Utah, where he purchased them from the Mormons, where Indian slavery is one of the adjuncts of the plurality wife system, and he now continues to hold them, doubtless in conformity with the Dred Scott decision."

A TERRIBLE CRIME.—On Friday of last week, Jack, a slave of one L. L. Shreve, was arraigned before the Police Court of Louisville, on a charge of keeping a school for darkies. *The Courier* says: "His master knew that Jack could not write, and did not know that he could read, but we suppose he knew the motions, and that was sufficient." It being his first offence, he was released without punishment.

BUCHANAN PAPER AT CHICAGO.—The Chicago *Democrat* states that in consequence of the defection of Senator Douglas and *The Times* from the support of the Administration on the Kansas question, the friends of James Buchanan are making temporary arrangements to start from that office a newspaper, until they can procure type and presses of their own. It is expected to be issued about the 1st of January, and will contain the list of letters for the month.

SIXTY SLAVES EMANCIPATED.—Mayor Weaver recently received a letter, dated New Orleans, from R. K. Walker, who states that he was appointed executor of the estate of Baker Woodruff, of Louisiana, lately deceased, who, by his will, liberated all his slaves, numbering about 60, and left instructions that they should be conveyed to Pennsylvania, and provision made for them for one year. Mr. Walker writes that Pittsburgh will probably be the destination of these people.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

Some South Carolinian lady in Boston, has written to the Charleston *Presbyterian* that "there is but one church in Boston of our denomination (Congregational) that we can attend, and feel sure that the sermon will not be on some secular subject; or if the gospel is preached (or professed to be), there is so little that is distinctive in it, that one could hardly tell the difference between it and the Unitarian preaching."

LYNCHING A CLERGYMAN IN TEXAS.—At Waxahatchie, on the 29th ult., Rev. Thomas Donegan was sentenced, by a mob-court and jury, to receive five hundred lashes, and they were inflicted in the public square. He was accused of tampering with slaves, and inciting them to rob their master. It is quite probable that the things which they were incited to steal from their master were his "chattels personal." The greatest robbery which a slave can commit in the South, is to steal himself.

MR. CUSTIS'S SLAVES.—The *Alexandria Gazette* says: "The last will and testament of the late George W. P. Custis, of this County, was admitted to probate at the December term of the County Court, and by it we learn that he directed that *all his slaves* on his different plantations be set free within the next five years, leaving it to his executors to provide the necessary funds from his estate, to remove them from the Commonwealth. There are, probably, some two or three hundred slaves thus set free."

"OH BLOODIEST PICTURE IN THE BOOK OF TIME!"—The destruction of adipose porcine animals in the Queen City about these days is prodigious. Oceans of blood flow down Deer Creek and mingle their crimson hues with the muddy slime of a rising river. At the Cincinnati slaughter-house alone no less than *thirty thousand one hundred and seventy-five* fat, corn-fed hogs, chiefly from Kentucky and Indiana, have been slaughtered in seventeen working days! That's just 1,764⅔ hogs per diem. Great times for the poor who like ribs and tender loins.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

NOVEL NEWSPAPER CELEBRATION.—The proprietors of the Newburyport *Herald* intend celebrating the 75th anniversary of their weekly paper; and the 25th of their daily, on the 17th of January, on the anniversary of Franklin's birthday. They propose calling together every living printer who served an apprenticeship in their office, and every editor or prominent contributor. The list embraces the names of quite a number of distinguished gentlemen, who now honour the various professions of life. [Wm. Lloyd Garrison served his apprenticeship in this office.] An oration will be pronounced by an eminent statesman, and the occasion will be one of great interest.

ANTI-SLAVERY.—Last evening a large and attentive audience listened to Mr. Remond and his sister at Lafayette Hall. They were introduced in a few and appropriate remarks by E. H. Irish, Esq., after which, first the sister and then her brother spoke upon the subject of American slavery. These two, declared by the highest authority in the land, goods and chattels, having no rights which white men are bound to respect, spoke so well, so feelingly, so to the purpose, that we felt there was much more that seemed human in them than in many a slave-driver we have seen vaunting his power and his prowess over women and children. Remond and his sister are on their way homeward after a tour through Ohio and Michigan.—*Pittsburg Gazette, Dec. 3.*

A STAGE ATTACKED BY WOLVES IN MAINE.—Maine papers state that on Wednesday night last, as Mr. Mitchell was driving a mail wagon on the back Calais route, from Beddington to the next stopping place, twenty miles from Bangor, being without passengers, his team was beset by a pack of wolves, which came within an ace of raising the deuce with him. They were about a dozen in number, and came on fierce and noisy. Mitchell, however, drove up smart, which he had no difficulty in doing, as the horses were quite as much frightened as himself. As they pressed hard upon him, and glared their eyeballs, and gnashed their teeth about him, he let go the contents of a rifle, which laid out one of the hungry crew, and for a time checked their pursuit. This was, providentially near the stopping place, upon arriving at which, the driver is said to have been pretty well overcome with excitement and fright.

A CURIOUS PAIR OF CHILDREN.—Mr. John Davis, of Slaughter Neck, Delaware, has twin daughters, five years old, that cannot be told apart by strangers; and the nearest neighbours, who see them daily, are not able to distinguish one from the other. A gentleman recently had the children brought before him, pitched side by side, when he scanned every feature, but determined if possible to show the friends present that they could be distinguished. They were then removed from the room for a short time only, and on their return he was completely foiled, and could only guess. A lady relative of the family, a near neighbour and frequent visitor, declared that she could not learn to tell one from another, though she had laboured constantly to do so. The only method of determining with certainty which is which, is by a small mark on the ear of one of them, that is only visible on close inspection.

A SINGULAR MISAPPREHENSION seems to prevail in Congress, and throughout the country. We all know that the slavery question was settled long ago. It was settled first by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and then, to make the matter sure, it was settled over again by the election of Mr. Buchanan. Of this we were assured in the most positive terms by all the organs of the Democratic party, and yet, in spite of this final and reiterated settlement, the President's message is full of it, the debates in Congress open upon it, the newspapers are all discussing it, and everybody is talking about it, just as though it had not been settled, wiped out, dried up, and stowed away, as safe and forgotten as a used up principle of the Democratic party.

Something should be done to stop this. It is high time, as the President justly observes, to stop talking about the subject that forms the principal topic of his message. The President has certainly done his share, but the fire blazes out of the very holes that he stops up with shavings and in spite of the oil with which he attempts to extinguish it. This is very strange; fire ought not to do so, but it will.—*Providence Journal.*

MONSTER SHIPS.—The New York *Times* says that already a larger ship than the Leviathan has been projected in England—a ship to which the monster will, herself, appear as a minnow. And strange to say, although it is proposed to make her 8,000 tons larger than the Leviathan, she is to sail faster and draw less water. An engineer of Liverpool, named Clare, has come forward with propositions for building an iron screw and paddle steamship, by way of testing

Miscellaneous Department.

THE LITTLE ABOLITIONIST.

By the Author of "The Autobiography of a Female Slave."

[*Written for the National Anti-Slavery Standard.*]

CHAPTER V.

About ten o'clock next day—at Sally Morton's usual hour for school—she recklessly threw aside her satchel of books and, tying on her straw hat, wended her way toward the centre of the village.

Having slept but little the night before, her blue eyes were cloudy and gray; her red cheeks were a thought paler, whilst the long curls hung over them flat and limp. Sally was sorrowful. She dared not go to her mammy, for she had no words of comfort to take her. She looked down toward the beautiful river that wound like a peaceful thought by the village; and who ever looked at water flowing silently without experiencing a calm joy? It predicts satisfactions not of this world, and leads us out of the narrowness of *self* into the Infinite; and if we are sadder, we are better for it.

Sally was too young for such reflections; but she felt the heat of the long and weary nights cooled by that calmly-running river. On and on she went until she found herself in front of the jail-yard, from the gate of which poor Jack was coming with a heavy face. She stopped and looked kindly toward him. She knew him, as indeed she knew half the slaves of the county.

Turning to an old negro standing by the gate, she asked,

"What are they going to do with Jack Miller?"

"Oh, bless you, little missis, he is sold down the river to Trader Spriggs. He was gwine to be married and didn't want to go; he said something or other which they said was impudent, and they is gwine to take him to the whippin'-post."

The old man furtively wiped his eyes upon his coat-sleeve. Sally perceived it, and her naturally sympathetic heart went out in love and commiseration.

With a firm step she walked after Jack and his persecutors, and, soon overtaking them, she fearlessly confronted the trader.

"Mr. Spriggs," she demanded, "what are you going to do with Jack Miller?"

He knew her as the pet of the village, the orphan of a once honoured citizen, and the grandchild of old Mr. Morton; taking off his hat he obsequiously said—

"Oh, little Sis, this is a bad nigger and I am going to punish him. Don't you consarn yourself 'bout him."

Sally was too young to understand policy, or she would not have replied as she did:

"Mr. Spriggs, you are a mean, low, wicked man, and I hope, I know, the devil will get you. You are not fit for decent people to speak to. You are low and mean. I've heard about you. You get rich by selling poor black people away from their homes. Oh! you ought to be ashamed of yourself." And as her passion rose with her words, she added, whilst fury danced over her face, "I wouldn't go to heaven if such as you were there. The devil is too polite to live with a base negro-trader."

Her tone was loud and vehement. With a fierce oath, the trader hurried his victim away from the very sound of that child's expostulatory voice.

Poor Jack, it was all the worse for him. His back paid for Sally's freedom of speech.

We will not recount the horrors of that frightful whipping which drew more than blood from the tortured victim. Suffice it, without narrating particulars, to say that life went out beneath the lash—but that *was well*. Better to die even thus ignominiously than waste through slow days and weary nights youth of heart, pride of manhood and all the hope of life!

Sally did not go home—she did not seek the cabin of her mammy, but away she fled to the templed shade of an old wood near the village. There she sat upon an old moss-grown rock until the sun began to cast glinting shadows through the arches of the forest. Who can say that angels did not minister to her there and then; feed her with the good food of life? We will not; for when she returned, late in the evening, her face was radiant with an inner light. The fierce indignation of the morning had died out, and the power of love lived only in its ashes.

She went straightway to her mammy's cabin, and, without hesitation, opened the door and walked up to the very corner where her foster-mother sat in that grief that knows not tears, bottomless and tideless. Sally wound her white arms around her neck, and her young tears fell soft as dew upon the old, tired head.

"Mammy, it won't always be so. God told me in the woods that it would stop after a while. Oh! I wish the time had come now." The woman put her arms up and drew the child close to her bosom.

"Oh, dear child, it 'pears like you is all that's left me. Sally, I nursed you; I kept you when you was too little for any of them to love; now you are getting big, will you love me still? I'm old and a slave, but, Sally, I'se been a mother to you."

"Mammy, do you think I love anybody as well as you? No, indeed, you never scold me; you always love me. I wish I could have been sold in Uncle Bill's place."

"Oh, no, dear child; all his fear was that you would grieve 'bout him, cry so and make yourself sick. See here"—and she fumbled mid her pockets till she brought out a dollar which she handed the child—"this was all the money he had in the world, an' he left it to get you a doll or something to remember him by."

Sally was overcome. She wept aloud.

"No, mammy; no, I won't take the money; keep it. It will break my heart. I wish I were dead. Oh! I do, indeed I do."

"Oh, Lord! dear child, don't cry, don't take on so! I am an old fool to be troublin' you, pretty little one, with my troubles. Oh, it's too bad!"

She got up and set about looking for some refreshment for Sally. All she could find was a cup of fresh milk and a cold cake.

"Here, take this, Sally, an' you'll feel better."

"No, mammy, I don't want to eat. I can't touch it"; and she impatiently pushed it aside.

It was touching to see this poor slave-woman cover up her own grief in her anxiety and concern for her foster-child. She "turned to the wall," when she wept that no eye might see her grief; and, to shelter her mistress's child from a moment's affliction, she put off the guise of sorrow with which her heart very naturally clothed her features.

Sally spent the night with her; and, as of old, she began to relate stories—nursery tales, full of old and pretty conceits, to beguile the evening hours. But the child's heart had suddenly grown old—she asked for other things. Her sympathy with the oppressed had widened her own sphere of vision. She saw beyond her surroundings; got out of the limits of the Present and sent her far searching ken into the heart of the "To Come"; the range of the "More Beyond." Great questions of life and destiny are more apt to trouble the child than the matured. Adolescence is fair and flowering, but it bears its germinating seed of inquiry. And though childhood seem only a grateful acceptance, it is most often a longing and an asking. But the magnificence with which children portion out gifts and their overflowing measure of happiness are truly a shame to our more meagre manhood. Sally questioned her foster-mother with regard to the general feeling of the slaves, their desire for freedom, &c., &c. At first Aunt Betty was coy and reluctant in her answers. By and bye, forgetful even of the trouble she might give the child, she warmed up in the subject. Then Sally heard how the word freedom was a talismanic sound that seemed to galvanize the dullest.

Four or five negroes, neighbouring slaves, came to the cabin that evening to sympathize with Aunt Betty in her recent affliction and bereavement.

Sally was no restraint upon them; they talked freely before her. She was like one of them—had lived so much at the cabin—and they were conscious of her full sympathy.

It was odd to see her sitting there, the fairest face of the group—a little white swan amid a flock of ravens—for, with the exception of Aunt Betty, they were all full negroes. But their talk, despite its odd form, its quaint grotesqueness of expression, had a fine, pulsing undercurrent of human aspiration, truly grateful to the lover of humanity.

"I wonder if black folks 'ill allers be slaves!" said Jim, a large, bluff-looking negro.

"I guess they will as long as white folks has thar way," answered Jones.

"I'd like to know how mistress feels, allers havin' somebody to wait on her. Laws bless you, she never ties her own shoes. I does it for her; and if I don't lace her cossets to please her, she fetches me a nice slap, I tells you," and the cheerful black-faced girl, of careless eighteen, gave a merry laugh as she delivered herself of this ambitious wish.

"I doesn't want to be master over nobody. I only wants to be owner of myself," said stout John. His was a dark-brown face, full of undeveloped intelligence.

"I wants my freedom some way or 'nother. I doesn't care how," put in another.

"We'll never get it on the airth," said one in a mournful voice.

"All of you *ought* to be free," added Sally, "and, if I were in your places, I'd have it if I killed my masters for it."

"Oh, Lord, dear child, don't talk that ar way, or the white folks won't let you come to see me any more," broke from Aunt Betty, in an agitated tone.

"She is right, an' it's what I has allers bin a tellin' of yer; but you is all afeard to move yer hands. I'd rather be shot down than live a slave much longer." This was said by Ben, a blacksmith, belonging to a Mr. Follis, of the neighbourhood. The words came hoarsely from his throat, like muffled thunder, whilst the speaker's face was dark and furious as a midnight tempest.

After this followed a general murmur of discontent, and Sally was like an incendiary torch applied to combustibles. They all began to blaze and crackle as she preached up social and individual independence. She scarcely knew all that her flaming words involved. She spoke from her heart, she knew no written law, she only knew of those first principles that were written in her own soul. They were true, or the hearts by which she was surrounded would not have throbbed so quickly to her words, treasonable as they were.

The child scarcely knew what she was saying; certainly but half the value of her words. She was surprised when eyes blazed round her, dark faces lighted up, forms stout and hardy drew near her, fearful of losing a single word. They were magnetized. She spoke the words they longed to hear, and their poor, well-nigh put-out hearts thrilled like harp-strings beneath her tones.

"I would be free, Ben, if I were in your place. I'd run off; I'd fight; I'd kill my master if he tried to hold me back."

"Oh, laws; oh, laws, don't listen to the dear child," broke fearfully from Aunt Betty's lips. "She'll get herself and us into trouble."

"Who keres for trouble, Betty? I wants my rights an' I mean to have 'em, jist as that white child says. I doesn't mean to sarve any more. I'se a right to myself, and dey may beat me to death, jist as dey did Jack Miller to-day, but still I doesn't mean to slave it any longer. I'se bin a workin' hard for my master for two an' forty years, an' I ain't had nothin' but a few coarse clothes, hardly enough to cover me and not enough to keep me warm. My wife was sold to buy finery for master's darters. My children was sold, one by one, on de block, and now I haint got nothin', and it don't make much difference whether dey kills me or not. I'll try to set a 'xample to de rest of yer—an' when I strikes, I wants yer to follow."

"To do or die" looked out from his fierce eye, whilst determination was written round the compressed corners of his wide mouth. The others looked at him with amazement. They but partly sympathized with his words. Freedom was precious to them only as an individual possession. They did not apprehend (how could they?) the greatness of a thought destined to shake a continent, to arouse to highest energies a sleeping people and elevate men half to the dignity of godhood. They dispersed at eleven o'clock—a rather late hour at night for slaves to be from home—and for which, if found out, they were no doubt whipped next day.

CHAPTER VI.

It is not our intention to follow Sally Morton year by year through the various stages of her life, therefore we leap over her school-day hours, and look in upon her ripe and flush in the pride of eighteen. A pet, a belle, a darling of society, yet carrying in her young bosom the remembrance of many dark scenes and gloomy, unhappy times; never forgetting the horror that kept watch over the slave's life; bearing in her soul a fountain of tenderness for him who wore the chains—developing with years and growth the great idea of universal freedom. There looked out from her sad eyes a strange expression of human inquiry. Still, she was the love of her mammy's heart, the only pride of her weary days. And Sally endeavoured, by her gentle ministration, her soothing manner to the slaves, to soften—if possible—their dreary lives. Time flitted on only to open the sweet flowers of her bursting womanhood. Offers poured in upon her—her hand was sought in marriage by the noblest and wealthiest in the State; flatterers strewed her path with roses and filled the atmosphere with sweetest incense. Society showered honours upon her. Friends praised and loved, but still her heart was locked and silent. She adored a principle, worshipped an idea, and to it she was willing to sacrifice her life. Had it not been for her exuberant spirits, she would have appeared cold, so utterly was she bound up in the great scheme of human brotherhood and the advancement of the race. She longed to lay her own puny shoulder to the wheel and push on the noble work. Not from without came to her great ideas, but from *within*. They worked outward and gave to her young life a wild and solemn beauty. Her smiles were not less frequent, but they seemed drearier, as if they reflected a sigh or were rainbows glinting cloud-depths. Her laugh was clear, but there was a mournful tone, a sort of wail in its ring.

The young girls called her "strange." The young gentlemen, as they straightened their collars, pronounced her "*peculiar*, very peculiar"; old ladies, as they glanced over their spectacles, said "she would soon outgrow her nonsense," yet Sally, taking not counsel with man, worked out her own idea and cherished her own sentiment.

Let us look in upon her now as she sits in Mrs. Manners's parlour, lounging in a morning-wrapper, blue as her own eyes. A newspaper half-read has fallen from her hands and her little busy foot plays impatiently with the fender; despite the languor of her position, you can descry a nervous anxiety in her manner.

Across the room and bending on the piano is Miss Clara Manners, in the full possession of rounded, complete womanly beauty. Everybody acknowledges that Miss Manners is "the belle." A bow from her is a distinguishing gift, and to shake hands with her is a social honour that cannot be too highly prized. Tall and finely formed, with a head proudly set upon broad and sloping shoulders, fair face, with features hard and proud as a Roman caste; dark gray eyes, with haughty motions of the body, indicate the lady of the village and the hope and pride of her family. Her ladyish fingers stray idly over the piano, fairer than the ivory itself. The very fall of her purple velvet robe, the braided loop of her dark hair all shadow forth and proclaim the pride of their owner. She looks with a cool contempt at her plain, democratic cousin. There exists between the two no shade of sympathy; water and oil might as soon unite as those agree. Miss Manners bore off the highest prizes at school—and so considered herself "*accomplished*." She looked down upon *ideas*—they were for the vulgar; acquisition was what *she* valued.

"What is the morning news, Sally?" asked Miss Manners.

"Sad enough, Clara; those poor fugitives have been arrested."

Miss Manners confronted her cousin in the most supercilious manner. A cold light flashed out from her steel-gray eye; chilling and sharp as a December air was the tone of her voice.

"Do you call the returns and awards of justice sad? Do you think it a sorrowful thing that an honest man's property is returned to him."

I don't recognise property in human life," was th calm reply.

"It makes small difference what *you* recognise."

"I am truly sorry that it does not; for I do long to see a proper recognition of personal liberty. Our world would be better and our race more elevated. Don't you ever think, Clara, that this now dominant Anglo-Saxon race will have to suffer for its iron hoof-tread over a poor enfeebled and suffering people?"

"I don't understand your fine-spun theories. They are as bald as they are crude and ridiculous. The Anglo-Saxon march *must be*, and *is*, onward, crushing down all opposing forces, up-building and wide-spreading itself. It is destined to regenerate and strengthen the race and make the world better for its all-powerful dominion."

"Would you have thought thus valiantly if you had belonged to another race? What are the characteristics of greatness? If you assume them to be blood-spilling, rapine, outlawry, irreligion and diabolical wrong-doing, then I grant you that the Anglo-Saxon race *is* the greatest."

"How idly and ignorantly you talk. Your want of patriotism is only excelled by your crudity of speech and plentiful lack of judgment. There is no satisfaction in talking to you, Sally, for your absurdity amuses more than anything else, and so takes all earnestness out of the conversation. I used to hope that you would outgrow this folly; as a child it *could* be tolerated in you, but now persons very naturally expect something like reason and sense from you."

"What are reason and sense, Clara?" asked Sally in her old, blank way.

"Gifts or attributes which you do not seem to possess," was the cutting reply.

"Yes, but that is not telling me what *they are*."

Miss Manners glanced contemptuously toward Sally then turned away with a low, sneering laugh and left the room.

"I am different from other people; I *have* strange views; I do seem to shock people. What is the cause of it? Nowhere can I find those who agree with me; there is evidently a wrong some where. Can it be that it is in *me*? Do I err in thinking that the negroes should be free? If God intended them for slavery, as the Church declares, then the masters do no wrong when they seek, by the whip, the torture and vilest ignorance, to keep them enslaved. The means seem worthy of the end—if the *end* must be, and it is not well to talk of mitigation, of punishment; all legislation upon the matter is wrong. The institution *must* be preserved. Let them then perpetuate it in the one only way—by heaping up clouds of ignorance, and utterly quenching the smallest ray of mind, reducing men and women to the capacity of beasts, lower if possible, mere things, goods, wares, chattels. This is the best and safest way. But if God so wills it, then the God that we worship is no true God. He is a mere tyrant, to whom we sacrifice and slaughter. I don't believe any such wretched doctrine. The God that my heart serves is altogether too lovely and good for such base service. He it was that kindled my conscience, and according to the light within me must I interpret."

Thus rambled and muttered Sally as she arraigned her own judgment for trial. She sat in a half listless mood, and did not observe a figure gliding in and out of the room frequently.

It was our quaint little Joe, now grown to stout, plump girlhood, but with the same mischief-loving expression and comic, rogueish leer of the eye. She has illumined—no signs of awakened thought. All struggles grown much since we last saw her, but her face is un—if any there were—went out in night, died in the first kindling, but there was still mimicry and fun glancing about the corners of her month, swelling her flat nostril, and curving her wiry form.

She had been transferred—since the death of old Mr. Morton—to Mrs. Manners's house, where she served as a sort of sub-house-maid, "a come-and-call"-servant. She might be described, as the Yankees say, as "quite smart" in her blue calico gown and white apron, with a decorous head-tie and big ear-rings, that *sine quâ non* of dress with negroes.

Stepping up behind Sally's chair, she asked,

"Why, what's de matter, Miss Sally. Your face looks long as an old grandmammy's? You don't looks bit like yerself. Why, what woud de nice young gemmen say if dey could look at you?"

Sally smiled as she glanced up at the comic face that was bent half inquiringly, half mirthfully upon her.

"Oh, there are many things that trouble *me*, Joe."

"Now, 'pon my word, dat is quare enough—what has a nice young lady like you to do wid trouble? I'm sure you has plenty of nice clo's, plenty of nice bows, rides in a carriage, and goes to parties. Laws, you ought to be happy."

And Joe seated herself, in a sort of a Turkish fashion, in the corner of the fire-place, upon the rug, looking pleasantly up into Sally's half-earnest and altogether pleasant face.

"Why, you see, Joe, I think there is a better way of living than wearing fine clothes, going to parties, riding in a carriage, and talking to beaux; fine amusement though it be."

"Oh, laws, yes, by and by, when you gits old, you'll git religion, and jine de church, and so go to heaven, when you dies, wid all de quality."

"With the quality?"

"Yes, Miss Sally, 'sure you'se gwine wid de quality, bekase you was born wid 'em. Devil don't get nobody but de niggers and poor white folks."

"Why, what kind of talk is this, Joe?" and Sally couldn't resist a laugh.

"Why, I knows it of myself, Miss Sally—sure, an' ain't hell God's kitchen, an' dat is de place fur niggers and poor white folks."

"Do you suppose, Joe, that God makes any difference between people?"

"Why, yes, mam, he does, ob course. De white folks makes a 'stinction, an' ob course dey gits de notion frum God. I don't suppose de white folks would live in same house wid niggers, if God was to tell 'em to, bekase dey is too much ob quality fur dat ar."

"And do you think it is right, Joe?"

"Why, yes, mam; de preacher says whatever master says is right, and must believe what de preacher say, any how, else God 'll make it worse fur us."

Sally scarcely knew how to correct notions so strange and so sad. To work through a solid wall of ignorance and unbelief was no easy task. She half envied, half pitied the self-complacency with which the child yielded herself up to false teaching. Lolling back in the chair, closing her eyes, and with a gaze all-inward, she thought of the fearful wrong of thus beclouding a human soul.

Joe regarded her with an intense curiosity. After a restless moment or so, she broke the silence, which she could not understand, by asking, in an abrupt tone,

"Miss Sally, what makes white ladies so pretty?"

"Are they, Joe?"

"Why, yes, mam—they all has putty, fair skin, red cheeks, and putty features. I loves to look at white ladies, dey is so fine an' nice."

"I wish they were fine and nice, Joe, but there are very few of them who are: fair and fine exteriors cover hearts black as night."

Joe looked up with an uncomprehending sort of expression, but our young heroine was too much absorbed in her own thoughts—the train of which Joe had excited. This girl so pined for human sympathy, for full, free heart-communion! There was no one to minister to her highest thought; no one to guide her in the right course; but there was a wise, invisible hand directing her, and, with the beautiful faith of a little child, she leant upon the arm of 'Our Father.'

(*To be Continued.*)

Béranger was fond, we are told, of talking on high subjects with Lamennais, who might be found grinding coffee in a hand mill in his chimney corner. We fancy M. de Lamennais must have been a tremendous converser, since one evening, M. Lapointe recollects, that while the reformer was profound and weighty on the subjects of India and religion, the host, in a fit of weary absence, sat down on his guest's hat, which was completely crushed when he rose. The day after Béranger went to see him. "How did you get home Lamennais?" "Oh! good friend, such frightful weather! It rained so that my hat is quite spoiled." Béranger, who laughed till he cried, when telling this anecdote, painted Lamennais with a word." "I was obliged to leave him in his mistake, or he would have quarrelled with us."

For The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

TO MISS F— S—,

With an Embroidered Travelling-bag, contributed by a Lady of London to the Boston Bazaar.

Though faded and worn by a long gentle usage,
Like the frail hand that offers the gift,
Not less truly it speaketh its time-honoured message,
The Pariah, down-trodden, to lift.

Full ten years have gone by since Albion's daughter
(Proud England, who errs while she pleads)
Sent this token of sympathy o'er the deep water,
Her wrongs to atone in kind deeds.

The guilt-hardened heart of Columbia then slumbered—
The heart now on fire with hot zeal—
Her thousands in teens then, if noted, were numbered—
Her true souls now wakened to feel.

Fair fingers, in far lands, the struggling, united
To work for our people, in chains;
The torch of God's mercy, by meek Faith ignited,
Fell on tables, rich piled, for pure gains.

One lone voice, lowly breathing, has earnestly pleaded,
While strong ones have laboured with main;
But Truth, tho' oft slandered, despised, or unheeded,
Doth never give utterance in vain.

Thus hallowed by Time, and a thought-honoured usage,
Dear Fanny, the gift do not spurn;
But relumine and brighten the Heavenly message,
That all who surround thee may learn.

Cincinnati, Christmas, 1856. A. P. C.

TOADYISM OF GENIUS.

The grand era of literary flattery in England was in the early dawn of our literature; when readers, however courteous and gentle, were few in number, and a patron was the more necessary to an author for whom as yet there existed no public. Thus we find that Spenser, not satisfied with invoking the protection of his royal mistress for his poem, addressed with it a commendatory sonnet to each person of eminence to whom he presented a copy of the work. The *Faërie Queene* is inscribed (1596), both in prose and verse, to "Elizabeth, by the grace of God Queene of England, Fraunce, and Ireland, and of Virginia," &c.

O goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirror of grace and majestie divine,
Great ladie of the greatest isle, whose light,
Like Phœbus' lampe, throughout the world doth shine,

To celebrate, without infringing on the claims of this "goddesse," the praises of her attendant nymphs, was a delicate task, which the poet performed, however, with great adroitness, in his sonnet to "all the gratious and beautifull ladies in the court."

The Cbian peincter, when he was required
To pourtraict Venus in her perfect hew;
To make his worke more absolute, desired
Of all the fairest maides to have the vew;
Much more me needs, to draw the semblant trew
Of beautie's queene, the world's sole wonderment,
To sharp my sence with sundry beauties vew,
And steale from each some part of ornament.

Spenser did not pay his homage to the fair and the great unrewarded: Lord Grey of Wilton, his especial patron, when lord-lieutenant of Ireland, bestowed on the bard the secretaryship to goverament in that country, and a grant of 3,028 acres of land, from the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond, near Cork.

The queen, indeed, dealt out her bounties more sparingly. "There passeth a story," wrote Dr. Thomas Fuller in 1662, "commonly told and believed, that Spenser presenting his poems to Queen Elizabeth, she, highly affected therewith, commanded the Lord Cecil (Burleigh), her treasurer, to give him an hundred pounds; and when the treasurer (a good steward of the queen's money) alleged that sum was too much, 'then give him,' quoth the queen, 'what is reason'; to which the lord consented, but was so busied, belike, about matters of higher concernment, that Spenser received no reward."

The poet seems to lay a trembling hand on the lyre when commending his verse to the grave "Lord High Treasurer":

To you, right noble lord, whose careful brest
To menage of most grave affaires is bent;
And on whose mightie shoulders most doth reste
The burdein of this kingdom's government,
As the wide compasse of the firmament
On Atlas' mightie shoulders is upstayd;
Unfitly I these ydle rimes present,
The labour of lost time, and wit unstayd.

If poets are accused, not without reason, of giving unduly flattering titles, much allowance may be made for them, in their struggles to obtain some advantage from their productions, through private favour or patronage, in addition to the profits derivable from the liberality of "the trade"; and it is only just to remark that even sound divines have shown no mean dexterity in the supple arts of dedication. A remarkable instance of this occurs in no less a work than Walton's Polyglot Bible. Walton, who was chaplain to Charles I., and a prebendary of St. Paul's, having been deprived of his preferments on the outbreak of the Great Rebellion, found leisure, in those troubled times, for the commencement of his literary undertaking, and was encouraged in his task by the approbation of Cromwell. In the preface to the Polyglot, the author acknowledges the favours which he had received. "A Serenissimo D. Protectore, operis promovendi causâ," &c. On the Restoration, however, Walton not only cancelled the praise which he had bestowed on his late republican patrons, but substituted some pretty sharp invectives against them: hence the distinction, well known to bibliographers, between the "republican" and the "loyal" copies of the Polyglot. Charles II. rewarded the loyalty of the author with the bishopric of Chester.

A proof of honest disinterestedness is presented in the refusal of Dryden to inscribe his *Æneid* to William III. It should be remembered that the pecuniary necessities of the bard were great, and that his age was one in which dedications bore golden fruit. Nor is his independence of conduct in this transaction the less vindicated because "the hero William" would not have given sixpence for the finest composition of the sort ever penned. Tonson, for ends of his own, exhausted every motive and inducement to persuade Dryden to dedicate his work to William, but in vain. The attempt on the part of the bookseller to dedicate to the poet on this point was a manifest case of trespass on the patrimonial domain of authors.

Swift, who prefixed to his *Tale of a Tub* an "Epistle Dedicatory to his Royal Highness Prince Posterity," added a second, which might have afforded a profitable hint to Jacob Tonson:

"The Bookseller to the Right Hon. John Lord Somers.

"My Lord: Although the author has written a large dedication, yet, that being addressed to a prince whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to; a person, besides, as far as I can observe, not at all regarded or thought on by any of our present writers; and being wholly free from that slavery which booksellers usually lie under to the caprice of authors; I think it a wise piece of presumption to inscribe these papers to your lordship, and to implore your lordship's protection of them. . . . . Your lordship's name on the front, in capital letters, will at any time get off one edition; neither would I desire any other help to grow an alderman than a patent for the sole privilege of dedicating to your lordship. I should now, in right of a dedicator, give your lordship a list of your own virtues, and at the same time be very unwilling to offend your modesty; but chiefly I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints that I mean myself." . . . .

It is no wonder that the fever of dedications, which was at its height during the reign of Queen Anne, experienced some abatement under the Hanoverian dynasty, which, at its outset, gave even less encouragement to polite letters and the fine arts than had been shown by our Dutch ruler. With consummate candour, George II. said: "I hate *boets* and *bainters*." It is probable that the neat epigram of Dr. Johnson on this sovereign was fully justified:

Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign:
Great George's praise let tuneful Cibber sing,
For nature formed the poet for the king.

Goldsmith has given, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, a lively picture of the abuse to which the dedication-system was still subject in his time. "As I was meditating one day in a coffee-house, on the fate of my paradoxes [it is young George Primrose who speaks], a little man, happening to enter the room, placed himself in the box before me, and, after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, begging me to subscribe to a new edition he was going to give the world of Propertius, with notes. This demand necessarily produced a reply that I had no money; and that concession led him to inquire into the nature of my expectations. Finding that my expectations were just as great as my purse, 'I see,' said he, 'you are unacquainted with the town; I'll teach you a part of it. Look at these proposals; upon these very proposals I have subsisted comfortably for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, a Creolian arrives from Jamaica, or a dowager from her country-seat, I strike for a subscription. I first besiege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe readily the first time, I renew my request for a dedication-fee. If they let me have that, I smite them once more for engraving their coat-of-arms at the top.'"

It is with a good grace that Goldsmith ridicules the devices of parasites and flatterers. Himself above sordid calculations, instead of seeking a patron among the wealthy or noble, he followed the dictates of his affections, by inscribing the work which first gained him distinction to his brother—"a man who, despising fame and fortune, had retired early to happiness and obscurity, on an income of forty pounds a year."*

A grave rebuke to the toadyism of authors and the vanity of patrons is administered by Johnson in his manly letter to the Earl of Chesterfield:

"Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

"Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing to a patron that which Providence has enabled me to do for myself."

We must not expect that, even in times of "literature for the million," the favour of a "discerning public" will entirely supersede the pursuit of particular patronage. The writer of this article remembers being told by the poet Campbell that he had regretted through life the mistake which,

In the fire of his youthful emotion,

he committed, by dedicating the *Pleasures of Hope* to a mere personal friend, "who could do him no good." On the whole, however, it is matter of congratulation that the dedicatory effusions of our own days are, in great measure, shorn of the servility which marked those of past ages; while on the contrary, the sister art of puffing by advertisement, in the hands of modern practitioners, has attained a degree of luxuriance eclipsing the efforts in that line of all former generations.—*Chambers's Journal.*

*Dryden's dedication to *The Traveller*.

A WORD TO THE "ELECT."

BY ANNE BRONTE.

You may rejoice to think *yourselves* secure;
You may be grateful for the gift Divine;
That grace unsought, which made your black hearts pure,
And fits your earth-born souls in heaven to shine.

But, is it sweet to look around, and view
Thousands excluded from that happiness
Which they deserved, at least, as much as you;
Their faults not greater, nor their virtues less?

And wherefore should you love your God the more
Because to you alone his smiles are given;
Because he chose to pass the *many* o'er,
And only bring the favoured *few* to heaven?

And wherefore should your hearts more grateful prove
Because for ALL the Saviour did not die?
Is yours the God of justice and of love?
And are your bosoms warm with charity?

Say, does your heart expand to all mankind,
And would you ever to your neighbour do—
The weak, the strong, the enlightened, and the blind—
As you would have your neighbour do to you?

And when you, looking on your fellow-men,
Behold them doomed to endless misery,
How can you talk of joy and rapture then?
May God withhold such cruel joy from me!

That none deserve eternal bliss I know;
Unmerited the grace in mercy given;
But none shall sink to everlasting woe
That have not well deserved the wrath of Heaven.

And oh! there lives within my heart
A hope long nursed by me;
(And, should its cheering ray depart,
How dark my soul would be!)

That, as in Adam all have died,
In Christ shall all men live;
And ever round his throne abide,
Eternal praise to give.

That even the wicked shall at last
Be fitted for the skies,
And when their dreadful doom is past
To life and light arise.

I ask not how remote the day,
Nor what the sinners' woe,
Before their dross is purged away;
Enough for me to know—

That when the cup of wrath is drained,
The metal purified,
They'll cling to what they once disdained,
And live by Him that died.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Captain Cook's Good Ship The "Investigator."—The Kentish *Gazette* says that this ship, in which the celebrated navigator, Captain Cook, journeyed round the world, and which was formerly moored off Somerset House, as a police station, is ordered to be removed to Deptford Dockyard, to be broken up.

——Mussulman writers speak of an ignorant Arab, who, being asked how he knew anything about the existence of a God, replied, "Just as I know by the tracks in the sand whether a beast has passed there, so, when I survey the heavens, with its bright stars, and the earth with its productions, do I feel the existence and power of God."

——Sir Peter Laurie, when Mayor of London, gave a dinner at the Mansion-house to the Judges, and, in proposing their health, observed, after expatiating on the excellence of the British Constitution, "I might instance my humble self—but why should I do so, when there sits my Lord Tenterden, who has risen not, like me, from the respectable class of tradesmen, but, I might say, from the very dregs of the people."

——Lately, in Glasgow, a worthy old woman was laid upon her bed, sick and faint. She had been long troubled with predilections for strong waters, and many plans and schemes did she try to obtain a small drop of these comforts. As a last and desperate resource, she sent her wee lassie to the public-house with her Bible and sundry explanations. The lassie came back as she went. "Hech, sirs," exclaimed the worthy old woman, "it's fearfu' times when they neither take my word nor the word o' God for twa gills of whiskey!"

——The holy girdle of the Virgin kept in the Church of Tortosa—which is supposed to possess peculiar virtues for pregnant women, and which Spanish princesses in an interesting situation have for the space of two hundred and fifty years been accustomed to adore—was on the 29th ult. solemnly conveyed to the palace by the Patriarch of the Indias, and was paid homage to with every appearance of the most fervent piety by the Queen, the King, and the noblemen and gentlemen of the Court.

——Mr. Spurgeon's New Book.—Mr. Spurgeon has just issued his first work from the press. He says in the preface: "Never was a book written amid more incessant toil. Writing is to me the work of a slave. It is a delight, a joy, a rapture to talk out one's thoughts in words that flash upon the mind at the instant when they are required; but it is poor drudgery to sit still and groan for thoughts and words without succeeding in obtaining them. Nothing but a sense of duty has impelled me to finish this little book, which has been more than two years in hand."

——It is remarkable how few of the eminent men among the discoverers and conquerors of the New World died in peace. Columbus died broken-hearted—Roldan and Bobadilla were drowned—Ovando was harshly superseded—Las Casas sought refuge in a cowl—Ojeda died in extreme poverty—Enciso was deposed by his own men—Nicuesa perished miserably by the cruelty of his party—Vasco Nunez was disgracefully beheaded—Narvaez was imprisoned in a tropical dungeon, and afterwards died of hardship—Cortez was dishonoured—Alvarado was destroyed in an ambush—Almagro was garoted—Pizarro was murdered—and his four brothers cut off: and there was no end of the assassinations and executions of the secondary chiefs, among the energetic and enduring adventurers.

——Forge.—A young Cambridge friend, specially qualified to take a high honour in aquatics, informs me that he cannot suggest any meaning of the verb "to forge," *as used in boat races*, save that in use at sea. He therefore understands the word as signifying "to go forward, to advance"; as when one ship gradually gains upon another, and is said to "forge ahead." In this sense of the verb "to forge," I would derive it from one or other of the many Dutch and German words compounded with *voor* or *vor* (before); *e. g.*, "vorziehen" (to draw ahead), "voorgaen" and "vorgehen" (to go before). The last seems the most likely. Taking heed to pronounce the *v* like *f*, as usual in German, we have *vorgehen, forgehen—forge.—Notes and Queries.*

——Telegraph and Telegram.

BY A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY POET.

Here is a bother, here's a to-do,
About using one letter instead of two!
And why are the Greeks to teach us to call
A thing the spalpeens niver heard of at all
(Unless you suppose the spark in the wire
Was known to them by the name of Greek fire)!
End it with Phi, or end it with Mu,
What does it signify which you do?
End it with Mu, or end it with Phi,
The point's not worth a potaty's eye.
Contemn such ulthrapedantic appeals,
And put your shoulder to these two wheels:
Reduce the charges, which now are plundering,
And teach the clerk to spell without blundering.
—*Punch.*

——The following letter of Bernardin de St. Pierre, addressed to a general of the Empire, has just been printed in Paris: "My dear friend, can you lend me five-and-twenty Louis? I am in great want of them. I asked the First Consul yesterday, but he turned on his heel without answering. I was half-inclined to apply to Madame Bonaparte, but my courage failed me, and I now depend on your friendship." The fact is, that the gentle author of "Paul and Virginia" was the type of Jeremy Diddler, and was more active in borrowing any odd sums he could get than in writing. He was the vainest of men, too, this benevelent impostor. "I can't think," said he to Bonaparte, "why the *savans* have taken no notice of my 'Theory of the Tides.'" "Do you know anything of the Differential Calculus?" asked the Consul. "Nothing." "Well, then, go and study it, and you will be able to answer yourself."

——Nettle Tree of Australia.—The most remarkable nettle of this country is the Urtica gigas, or rough nettle tree. This tree has a large leaf something like a sunflower leaf, hirsute beneath, and every bristle has a most painful sting. One of these wonderful trees was 32 feet round, and 140 feet high. Such is the potency of the virus of this tree that horses which are driven rapidly through the forests where they abound, if they come in contact with their leaves, die in convulsions. A young man who had lately arrived, and who was ignorant of the nature of the tree, breaking off a twig as he rode along, had his hand paralyzed by it. His fingers were pressed firmly together, and were as rigid as stone. Fortunately a stockman who was near, observing it, came up and said, "I see what is amiss, and will set all right." He gathered a species of arum, which grew near, for nature has planted the bane and the antidote together, in the low grounds, and rubbing the hand with it, it very soon relaxed, and resumed its natural pliancy. This is precisely the process used by the children in this country. When nettled, they rub the place with a bruised dock leaf, saying all the time, "Nettle go out, dock go in."

——"We make a great noise" (said Béranger) "about our own small merit, and we receive sometimes singular confirmations of it, which give us the measure of the value one may attach to a certain popularity. We were expecting several persons to dinner. Judith had ordered a tart. At the proper time arrived the pastrycook, a young man some twenty-five years old. 'Sir,' said he, when he had put his tart on the table, 'you are a song-writer?' 'Yes, my lad.' 'You do not make your little songs badly, and as a proof I know some of them by heart.' 'I am much flattered.' 'Sir, I am going to be married in a few days; could you not compose some verses for the occasion? I'm sure you would turn them well.' 'Many thanks for your good opinion, but I do not make wedding verses.' 'Excuse me, sir, you did make them for M. Wilhem's wedding. Perhaps you are afraid that I shall not pay you. Will you have ten francs or fifteen?' 'Thanks for your generosity, my friend, but I have lost the inspiration.' 'Ah! it is a pity; as that is the case, I must go and look up big Fleury, who sings in the *Champs Elysees*. For ten francs he will make me ten verses. Good bye, sir.'"

——A writer in *Blackwood* describes Aspinwall as Martin Chuzzlewit's Eden trans